

YANKEE DOODLE

COMPLETE STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 14, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 5.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE WITH GOMEZ; —OR— ADVENTURES IN THE HEART OF CUBA.



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Adventures in the Heart of Cuba.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADMIRAL SENDS YANKEE DOODLE ON A MISSION
TO GENERAL GOMEZ—THE NIGHT ATTACK.

As the American fleet lay off Santiago, after having knocked to pieces pretty nearly all the Spanish fortifications and silencing most of the great guns thereon, Admiral Sampson found himself greatly in need of a land force to co-operate with him in reducing the city.

Some strange fatality the American army was not in condition to start from Tampa or Key West, hence all the operations were conducted by the fleet alone. It was several times announced that the troops were in transports and would sail immediately, then a day or two after, the news would come of another delay, while in the meantime the Spaniards were strengthening their lines, remounting their guns, and making preparations for a desperate defense.

Admiral Sampson had been in almost daily communication with the insurgents, who made liberal promises of assistance and co-operation, the performance of which was invariably unsatisfactory. His information was through sources upon which he was rarely able to place implicit reliance. At last he called Yankee Doodle into his quarters, closed the door and sat down at the little table. The young American sat opposite him.

"My young friend," said the admiral, addressing Yankee Doodle, "I'm in great need of a man on whom I can depend, and I know of no one better able to do what I want done than yourself."

"I thank you, admiral, for the compliment," said Yankee Doodle; "my services are at your command any time and under any circumstances."

"I'm well aware of that, my boy, but like your other expeditions, it is one to which I shall not order you."

"You don't need to, admiral, for all you have to

do is simply to let me know what you want done, and I'll do it if I can."

"Very well; spoken like a true soldier. Now, what I want is this: I want you to go into the interior and see General Gomez. I will give you a letter to him making you my representative in his camp; you have met him before, and he has an extremely high opinion of you as a daring scout and soldier. I wish you to insist on the concentration of all the insurgent forces in the province of Santiago de Cuba, in the rear of the city of Santiago, for the purpose of offensive and defensive operations, and to send me information as to their exact strength and condition, with accurate reports as to what they need in the way of supplies, arms and munitions. I don't know the exact location of his camp, but there are a number of insurgent bands scattered about in the woods out there between Santiago and Guantanamo. You will have to get an escort from them to pilot the way to the camp for you. Now you understand what I want; do you think you can do it?"

"I will try, admiral," was the quiet reply.

"That is all that I could ask," said the admiral.

"Get yourself in readiness to go ashore as soon as we can make sure of an escort for you on shore. Whatever you need for the trip, make a requisition on the captain of the flag-ship, and it will be furnished you."

"I can be ready within a few minutes, admiral."

"I hardly think," remarked the admiral, "that we can secure an escort for you before to-morrow."

Yankee Doodle then saluted, and retired to hasten his preparation for his perilous invasion of the interior of Cuba.

In the meantime, the admiral sent messengers ashore to communicate with the insurgents in the woods, and to ask for an escort for a representative,

whom he wished to send to the camp of Gomez. He instructed them to signal from the shore as soon as the escort was ready.

Early the next morning a signal was seen, and Yankee Doodle left the flag-ship and went on board the gun-boat for the purpose of making a landing where the signal was made. When within a quarter of a mile of the shore, he entered a boat filled with marines, who rowed cautiously to within hailing distance of the signal. There he soon learned that about ninety Cubans were there ready to escort him to the interior. He at once made a landing, and found that a Captain Auras was in command, and that his men were well armed with rifles and machetes, but were without any rations whatever.

"It won't do," said Yankee Doodle, "to make such a trip without rations. What in thunder do you fellows live on in the woods?"

"Anything we can get to eat," replied the young captain, "and when we can't get it, we go without it."

"That isn't what we want just now; we don't want to waste any time hunting provisions. I'll send a note back to the admiral and ask for five days' rations for ninety men," and he hastily wrote a note which he gave to the young officer in command of the launch, stating at the same time that he would wait there for the rations.

The launch hurried away, and Yankee Doodle proceeded to make himself familiar with the men of the escort. There wasn't a man among them who did not show the ravages of hunger, yet everyone was plucky and full of fight. They were without uniforms and knew nothing about drill or military tactics.

Turning to the young captain, he asked:

"How do you handle your men in a fight, captain?"

"Oh, I just tell them to load and shoot, every man for himself the best way he can," was the reply.

"That's a poor way to fight," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head. "One man, well drilled and trained to obey orders promptly, is equal to three men who are not."

"We have had no chance to drill," replied the young captain; "we have had no drill master, and have had to do the best we knew how. Are you the Yankee Doodle we have heard of?"

"I guess I am," was the reply, "as I'm the only one in the army or fleet known by that name."

"Well, every man in the camp to commander-in-chief has heard of you, and we are more than glad to have you with us."

"How far is it from here to the camp?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Some fifty or sixty miles as the crow flies, but no man can tell how far it is by land, as we never know what obstructions we may have to dodge; we may start by one route, and after going a few miles, may have to take another."

"Yes, I can understand that," said Yankee Doodle,

"but if any Spaniards try to stop us we must thrash them if we can."

In about three hours the rations from the flag-ship were landed and quickly distributed among the men. Noticing the hungry, eager look on their faces, Yankee Doodle suggested that they eat a square meal then and there before starting on the journey, and never did men attack rations more promptly and vigorously.

Soon after eating they started on the march over the rugged hills that broke the surface of the country in that part of the island. They passed a little cove of insurgents, who, on learning that they had five days' rations with them, were eager to join them; but Yankee Doodle explained to them that they would soon have rations for all men who were fighting under the flag of Cuba and the Stars and Stripes—that he was then on his way to bring about a concentration of the insurgent forces around Santiago.

Then the little command pushed on until they struck a road leading north from the city, which was one of the avenues of supplies for the Spanish garrison.

"How far are we now from the city?" he asked Captain Auras.

"Some eight or ten miles, senor."

"Are there no patriots along the line of this road to cut off the supplies going to the city?"

"Si, senor, but they are small parties, while the Spanish cavalry control the road for miles to protect the supplies."

"Is there any water near here?" he asked.

"Si, senor, a mile farther on."

"Is it good to drink?"

"Si, senor, very good."

"Then we will encamp there to-night."

"It is where the cavalry camps sometimes, senor."

"Then we may have company, capitán," remarked Yankee Doodle with a smile.

They pushed on up the road, with half a dozen Cubans a few hundred yards in advance acting as scouts, and when they were within a quarter of a mile of the stream they learned that a party of Spanish cavalry was already there.

"What shall we do, senor?" Captain Auras asked of Yankee Doodle.

"We should go into the woods and keep out of sight until we can find out the strength of the enemy," and a few minutes later the entire party had disappeared in the woods on the left of the road.

Then Yankee Doodle asked the captain to furnish him with a guide who was familiar with the locality to accompany him on a little scouting expedition. An old Cuban was called up by the captain and told to go with Yankee Doodle who wished to take a peep at the Spaniards.

"Si, senor," said the old Cuban, whose name was Diego, "I am ready. I know the place well."

"Lead on, then," said Yankee Doodle, "and be careful that we are not seen by the enemy."

So dense was the woods that it took them nearly an hour to travel a quarter of a mile. By that time they came in sight of the horses that were tied along the edge of an opening, while the cavalymen were busily preparing the camp for the night.

As the men were moving about, Yankee Doodle found it difficult to estimate their number, so he proceeded to count their horses instead. He found that there were about seventy horses in the party, and that some of those evidently belonged to four native carts that were seen well loaded with vegetables and other supplies which the cavalry had secured. The stream was about fifty yards beyond the camp, which was on the right of the road.

All this Yankee Doodle took in at a glance, and then signaled to old Diego that he was ready to return.

The old Cuban turned and led the way back, and Yankee Doodle followed him cautiously, both taking great care to make no sound that could reach the enemy. The sun was just sinking out of sight when he rejoined Captain Auras, so he knew that in a few minutes it would be very dark.

He very quickly explained to the young captain what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion that they could either capture or whip the cavalry.

The young Cuban was inclined to doubt their ability to do so.

"But, *senor*," he added, "if you wish to attack, we will do so."

"Let me talk with the men," said Yankee Doodle; and the entire party was called around him, when he frankly explained to them that there were not over seventy Spaniards there who were convoying four cart loads of provisions to the city.

"Now," said he, "if you will agree to follow me and obey orders, we'll smash those fellows and capture those provisions. We will divide into two parties of forty-five men each, one led by your captain and the other by myself. One party will go down the road cautiously toward the camp, and the other will go into the woods and strike them on the west side. The party in the road is to wait until the other has fired one volley; then they are to rush up to the sentinel line and pour in another volley, after which give them the machete. You will be able to see them by the light of the camp-fire, and thus be able to take good aim. Now, let me tell you something right here; don't pull a trigger until you see what you are going to shoot at, and when you see your man be sure to take aim before you fire. There is no sense in throwing a bullet away. Do you all know how to aim, and hit what you shoot at?"

"Si, *senor*," came in a chorus from the whole party.

"Very good; we ought to kill half of them in the two volleys. Now, captain, you will lead your party down the road as near to the camp as you can without being challenged and wait there until we fire from the bushes. The reason why we must have the first volley is that we don't know how long it will take us

to work our way through the timber to the edge of the opening. Do you understand me now, captain?"

"Si, *senor*."

"Then come on," he said to the party that had been assigned to him; and again he and old Diego, after marching down the road half the distance, plunged into the woods and slowly wended their way in the direction of the glare of the camp-fire, of which they could catch occasional glimpses. When they reached the edge of the opening, they found themselves within fifty or sixty yards of the Spaniards, the majority of whom were well within the light smoking and talking over something in which they seemed to be very much interested. To make sure that his men were all in line, Yankee Doodle walked back among them, placing his hand on each, and telling him in a whisper to step out into the clearing so as to be able to make sure of his aim.

The signal for the volley was to be a shot fired by himself.

When all was in readiness, Yankee Doodle drew his revolver and fired into a group of nearly twenty Spaniards, about one hundred and fifty feet away. On hearing the shot, every Spaniard wheeled and looked in the direction of it.

The next moment a volley from forty-five rifles flashed along the edge of the wood, sending a shower of bullets into their midst. They were standing so close together, and at such short range, that over a score of them went down under the fire.

Naturally the cavalymen were thrown into a state of consternation, yet so well trained were they, that at the command of their captain they sprang to where their arms were stacked to make the best defense in their power.

Scarcely had they reached their arms ere the volley from the road threw them into a panic.

"Cubans, charge!" cried Yankee Doodle; "give them the machete!" and the next moment the forty-five men who had delivered the first volley dashed in amongst them, slaying right and left with the terrible sugar-cane knives.

Just a few moments later Captain Auras led a charge from the roadside—and for a brief minute there was a terrific hand-to-hand combat. It was an unequal one, because fully one-half of the cavalymen had been put out of the fight by the two volleys. It was short, sharp and decisive. Those that were not cut down fled to the woods, save a few who were captured.

On finding themselves victorious, the Cubans became wild with enthusiasm, making the welkin ring with their cheers.

All the horses were captured, with pretty nearly all the arms and the four carts of provisions. It was the first success they had met with for months, and such was its effect upon the spirits of the patriots that shouts of "Viva Yankee Doodle" were kept up until they were ordered to cease their noise.

Only five of their party had been hurt, and their

wounds were but slight, while the Spaniards had lost nearly forty men killed and wounded.

CHAPTER II.

HOW YANKEE DOODLE TURNED THE TABLES ON AN OLD SPANIARD.

THE capture of provisions, though not a very great quantity, was a godsend to the little band of Cubans. They lost no time in appropriating them, and within an hour after the fight, every man of them had his stomach better filled than at any time in a year previous, and when they had done so, they were ready to lie down and sleep, little dreaming that any danger lay in their doing so.

But Yankee Doodle cautioned the Cuban captain that as it was only eight or ten miles from there to the city, some of the Spaniards who had escaped would undoubtedly take to the road and make all possible haste to report the disaster to the Spanish commander, who would no doubt, quickly send out a battalion of cavalry to intercept and punish them.

"What shall we do then, senor?" the captain asked.

"Move on at once up the road," was the reply.

"But the cavalry could follow us up the road just as well," argued the captain.

"Very true," assented Yankee Doodle; "but they will hardly know where we left the road to go into camp elsewhere. If we stay here we will be served just as we served them."

Within a couple of hours after the fight the little band, with all the horses and arms captured, and each one with his share of the provisions, resumed the march, keeping well in the road. The carts had been left behind, as they would have been of no use.

They marched until near daylight, during which time they made nearly twenty miles, and then left the road, plunging again into the great forest. After going some three miles into the woods, they went into camp to sleep during the hottest part of the day.

If the Spaniards sent out a pursuing party from Santiago, Yankee Doodle never heard of it; but the news soon spread all through the city that the daring young American was in the mountains with an insurgent force estimated at several hundreds, and doing considerable damage.

In the middle of the afternoon of the day following the fight they resumed the march, pushing slowly through the great forest, going directly north. It was believed that the camp of the commander-in-chief was somewhere between the city of Holguin and Bayamo, but no one was certain, as that wily old warrior would remain in a place just long enough to give the Spaniards time to locate him, then he would change to some other place, leaving simply the old camp ground for the enemy to stare at.

Yankee Doodle and the young Cuban captain decided to push due north until they reached the center of the island, and then send out scouts in search of the commander-in-chief.

A little before sunset they struck a small village at

the foot of a mountain range, the quiet lives of whose inhabitants had been but little disturbed by the war. They seemed to be cut off almost from the rest of the world, and were content to live and die in ignorance, so long as they could reap the reward of their labors in the fields. There were about one hundred houses in the little village, every one of which was quickly emptied of its inmates as soon as the band of patriots entered its main street.

On learning that the new-comers belonged to the army of liberation, they received them with shouts of welcome, and willingly offered of their small store of provisions to feed them for the night. They had heard that the United States had declared war against Spain, and was sending armies and fleets to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. Naturally, then, when they saw a young American leading the Cubans, they mistook him in their ignorance for some great American general.

But his youth staggered them, and they had a thousand questions to ask concerning him. None of the Cubans in the command was really able to explain his position in the army or fleet, but they knew that he had been sent by Admiral Sampson to General Gomez, and that he had fought and won a battle the night before over the Spanish cavalry. The captured arms and horses were there to show the extent of the victory, and to the simple-minded villagers it appeared to be a great thing.

Among the residents of the village was an old Spaniard, who, twenty years before, had been an officer in the Spanish army, but a wound had forced him into retirement, and he had been living for many years in the little village on a small farm that amply supplied all his wants. Naturally the old fellow was loyal to Spain and had often denounced the insurgents as rebels and traitors. He had two very beautiful daughters, one of whom was secretly engaged to a young Cuban officer in Garcia's army. The other was as loyal to Spain as was her old father.

When the patriots went into camp on the outskirts of the village they were visited by all the men, women and children, and among them came the old Spaniard and both of his daughters. The old man was anxious to see the young American, and when he did, he was so astonished at finding him a mere youth that he exclaimed:

"*Caramba!* do they think that Spain is to be whipped by boys?"

"They are not all boys, Senor Capitan," said old Diego, who was standing by, "but Senor Yankee Doodle, while young in years, is a great general; he beat the Spanish cavalry last night, and captured all these horses and between fifty and sixty rifles."

Just then Yankee Doodle came up with Captain Auras, and both of them saluted the old Spaniard and his two daughters with the greatest respect. Naturally the two sisters gazed upon him with a great deal of curiosity and no little admiration.

"Senor Americano," said the old man, "I am an old soldier who served twenty years in the armies of

tain, and I know something about what the mother country can do. You and all your men will be taken and shot."

"Senor," said Yankee Doodle, smilingly, "Spanish rule has ceased in Cuba, and the Spanish flag will no longer cease to wave over any part of the island."

"Senor Americano," replied the old man, straightening himself up haughtily, "you know nothing of the power of Spain."

"I beg your pardon, senor; one's knowledge comes from reading, and I have read in the history of the world, and of Spain particularly, that once her flag waved over all Central and South America, but it was driven out of Mexico and out of Central America, and her vast colonies down to the end of the continent of South America, by little republics that did not number one-tenth the population of Spain. The time was when Spain was powerful on land and sea. Now she is like an old lion whose claws have been drawn and teeth decayed, so that his roar is all that remains of his former savage strength and glory."

The old man snorted contemptuously.

"Is not that history?" Yankee Doodle asked, at the same time glancing admiringly at his two daughters.

"I know nothing about history," was the haughty reply.

"Ah, senor," said Yankee Doodle, "unfortunately that is the trouble with your country; they are very brave, but don't know much," whereupon the old Spaniard considered himself insulted, and very promptly challenged Yankee Doodle to fight.

"No, senor," replied Yankee Doodle, "you were a soldier for twenty years, and I doubt not you were a brave one; you have done your share of fighting, and now you had better rest in peace under your vine and fig-tree, for I will not raise my hand against a man of your years, unless you are in the ranks of an armed enemy."

"That is the excuse of a coward," haughtily exclaimed the old Spaniard.

"Oh, no, senor, I am no coward, though I don't brag of anything I have done; you had better retire to your home with your two daughters, and thank God that you have met one who has consideration for them as well as for yourself."

The old Spaniard became very abusive, whereupon Diego, who had rapidly become a great admirer of Yankee Doodle, drew his machete, and hissed at him:

"*Diablo!* I will chop your head off!" and he raised his terrible blade threateningly above his head, whereupon the two girls uttered piercing screams. Yankee Doodle quickly caught Diego by the wrist, and ordered him to keep quiet, saying at the same time:

"You must not strike an unarmed man."

Captain Auras at once ordered a file of his men to escort the old Spaniard back to his home. As they began to follow him, one of the daughters stepped up to Yankee Doodle, laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"Senor Americano, I thank you for sparing the life of my father."

"I would not harm a hair of his head, senorita, and if you need any assistance while we are here, you have but to send to me for it."

"Thank you, senor," she replied, and then in a half whisper, added:

"My heart is with Cuba," and with that she sped away after her father and sister.

The incident created some little excitement in the camp and it was the topic of conversation for an hour or two. It was about midnight when Yankee Doodle was awakened by one of the guards with the report that a woman out on the guard line wished to see him. He arose from his blanket and accompanied the guard to where the visitor was waiting. To his surprise he recognized the youngest daughter of the old Spaniard in the starlight, who caught him by the arm, saying:

"Come away with me, Senor Americano; I will tell you something," and he walked some ten or fifteen paces beyond the guard line with her, and stopped, saying:

"I cannot go any further, senorita; what is it you would tell me?"

"I have come to tell you, Senor Americano, that my father has mounted a swift horse and gone away somewhere, after telling us to stay in the house until he returned. I fear he has gone after Spanish soldiers to come here and attack you. If you go away you will be safe. You will not tell any one that I have told you?"

"No, senorita, I'll keep your secret, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for giving me warning. Will you give me your name?"

"Yes, senor; my name is Rita Narvaez, and my sister's name is Maria; my father's name is Narcissa Narvaez. If he returns before you leave, you will not harm him, will you?"

"No, senorita, he will be spared for your sake."

"Thank you, senor," and with that she hurried away, quickly disappearing in the gloom of the night.

As soon as she was gone Yankee Doodle called up Captain Auras, and told him what he had learned, without giving him the name of his informer, following it up with the suggestion that a scouting party of ten or a dozen Cubans be sent out some five or six miles to where the little road leading from the village merged into the main road.

It was quickly done, and the scouts were instructed that in the event of seeing the enemy they were to return quickly without letting the enemy see them. Then they both returned to their blankets, where they slept until sunrise.

Nothing had been heard from the scouts, and Yankee Doodle decided to remain there a couple of hours longer, in the expectation that they would soon return.

The command had scarcely finished their breakfast when one of the scouts returned on a horse covered with foam, with the report that a party of one hun-

dred Spanish cavalry was but thirty minutes behind him.

"That's time enough," said Yankee Doodle, turning to captain Auras. "We must reach those woods back there half a mile away inside of ten minutes,"—and he pointed to a very dense piece of woods on the outskirts of the village through which they had come the evening before.

The order was given, and within twelve minutes the entire party was concealed in the woods by the roadside.

It was about twenty minutes later when the Spanish cavalry came charging down the road almost at full speed, expecting to surprise the insurgents in their little camp on the other side of the village.

"Now, men," sang out Yankee Doodle to the Cubans, "stand in readiness to fire, but wait until I give the signal shot. They will be within ten paces of you, and the Cuban who misses a Spaniard at that distance ought to be shot as a traitor to his country. Now keep quiet and wait, they are almost here."

The Spaniards came thundering along the road, and when about one-fourth of them had passed the ambush, Yankee Doodle aimed with his revolver and fired, tumbling a Spaniard out of the saddle.

Then followed the volley that emptied fully fifty saddles, and as many riderless horses went rearing and plunging as in a panic.

Old Narvaez and about a score of Spaniards were thus cut off from an equal number at the rear of the column. He turned with them, and looked back on a stretch of the road that was nearly filled with dead and wounded cavalymen.

The old soldier saw at a glance that the Cubans had anticipated them, and knocked about half of their force before a blow had been struck.

With a yell, the old soldier attempted to form a junction with those in the rear, but they were again met with a deadly volley, after which the Cubans rushed out with their machetes yelling like savages.

"Catch that old man!" Yankee Doodle sang out to half a dozen Cubans, "but don't harm him," and in another minute the old Spaniard was surrounded and dragged from his horse.

The remaining cavalymen in the rear, upon seeing the awful destruction of their comrades, turned and fled with greater speed than they had made in advancing. It was all over in less than five minutes, and not a Cuban had been hurt. It required all the energy that Yankee Doodle could muster to prevent the Cubans from dispatching the wounded, and it was not until several had been hacked to pieces did he succeed in putting a stop to the slaughter. The captain in command of the cavalry was among the slain, while the lieutenant was made a prisoner.

"Captain Auras," sang out Yankee Doodle to the young Cuban officer, "have your men gather up the arms and catch the horses; they are valuable to Cuba just now!"

"Si, Senor Americano," responded the captain, "they are doing that now."

Yankee Doodle then went up to old Captain Narvaez, who, with half a dozen other Spaniards, was held as a prisoner, and called out to him:

"Captain Narvaez, I thank you in the name of the Cuban Republic! Your plan was a complete success because you led them into the trap nicely, and I heartily give you full credit for its success!"

The old Spaniard was staggered, and the other prisoners eyed him suspiciously.

"What do you mean, Senor Americano?" he asked.

"Ah, I beg your pardon, Senor Capitan!" said Yankee Doodle. "I did not mean to betray you; but it makes little difference, as the Spaniards will not be able to harm you if you keep out of their way for a few days," and with that Yankee Doodle passed on, chuckling to himself over having made the impression upon the minds of the other prisoners that the old man had purposely led them into a trap. When he passed the party of prisoners again he found the old Spaniard vigorously denying to his fellow prisoners that he had betrayed them, and vehemently protesting his loyalty to Spain.

"If ever the Spaniards catch him," mused Yankee Doodle, "they'll make short work of him, and that will have the tendency to arouse the spirit of revenge among his personal friends. If I hadn't promised his daughter not to harm him I'd have him led out and shot myself."

Down in the village every shot fired in the fight was heard, but the people, frightened almost out of their wits, dared not venture out of their houses. When they saw the victorious Cubans returning with the spoils of the fight and the few Spanish prisoners they were the most astonished lot of villagers ever seen.

By direction of Yankee Doodle, old Narvaez was released, and told that he could go to his home, which the old man did in a state of mind bordering on distraction. He shut himself up in his house, and would see no one until late in the afternoon, when Yankee Doodle and Captain Auras called on him to see him before leaving the village.

The oldest daughter, Maria, met them at the door, pale as death and trembling from head to foot.

"Senor Americano," she cried, wringing her hands, "have you come to slay my father?"

"No, senorita, the Spaniards will do that when they catch him. I'm content to leave his fate in their hands. Can we see him?"

"I will ask him, senor."

She was about to summon her father, when the old man himself appeared.

"Senor Americano!" exclaimed the old soldier, "you have done me a great wrong."

"I don't think I have, senor," replied Yankee Doodle. "Not being in the service, you had no right to take any part in the fight at all. I might have had you shot, but as I told you last night, I respected the gray hairs of your head, and you told me that that was the excuse of a coward. We will now see whether

the Spaniards will show as much respect for your gray hairs."

"Senor Americano, Spain would shoot a traitor if he was a thousand years old, and you have made them believe that I led them into a trap to be slaughtered."

"You should have remained in your house, senor," replied Yankee Doodle, "and I advised you last night to do so."

During the time that they were talking the eldest daughter was flashing upon the young American, from a pair of lustrous black eyes, some of the most vindictive glances he had ever met, and he gazed upon her as if mentally trying to size her up as a woman or fiend.

Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Senor Americano, if harm comes to my father through you I will follow you to the ends of the earth for vengeance!"

"Senorita," said he, bowing very low to her, "let me advise you to turn all your energies towards trying to save your father's life instead of avenging him. As a soldier of long experience, he well knows that as a non-combatant he had no right to raise his hand in this war. I would have been justified in ordering him to be immediately shot, but on account of his years and the fact that he has two daughters who would be left alone in the world, I have left him to the tender mercies of the government to which he is so loyal. There is only one way for him to escape death at the hands of the Spaniards, and that is by keeping out of their way. If he wishes to join the insurgents he may do so. If he wishes to seek refuge within the lines of the Spanish army, he may do that also," and he smiled as he looked at the crestfallen expression of the old soldier.

"Senor Americano," said the old man, "you have cast a stain upon my good name, which is dearer to me than life itself. I acknowledge that you turned the tables upon me, and I have but one request to make, which, as a soldier, you cannot refuse."

"What is that?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It is this, senor: if you hear that I have been shot by the Spanish soldiers as a traitor that you will take the pains to let them know of the trick that you have played me, and that I was loyal to Spain until the last—for I think more of my good name than of my life."

"I will do that, senor," said Yankee Doodle; "so I'll bid you good-by," and with that he raised his hat, bowed to the old man, and then to his two daughters.

CHAPTER III.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE—MANANA.

THE prisoners captured in the fight at the village were paroled by Yankee Doodle in the name of the Cuban Republic, after each one had signed a paper, stating that he expected to be shot, if again taken with arms in his hands. They were then permitted to go through the village and talk freely with the inhabitants.

They were eager to learn if it was true that old

Narvaez had led them into the trap, and asked the villagers what they thought about it. With one accord all the residents of the village insisted that the old man had always been loyal to Spain, but some said that it looked very much as though he had changed in order to win favor with the Cubans, since it was now claimed that the United States would force the Spanish out of the island.

Of course, all that tended to confirm the suspicions of treachery in the minds of the prisoners, and they denounced the old fellow in the most vigorous Spanish they could command.

Late that afternoon, Yankee Doodle ordered the Cubans to resume the march and pushed on northward, going about ten miles before pitching camp again. Every man now had a horse and an extra rifle, to say nothing of holster pistols and sabers, all of which were greatly needed among the Cubans.

They encamped right near a stream, which they were loath to leave the next morning, on account of the fine grasses that were so beneficial to the stock. But Yankee Doodle wished to push onward, but finally yielded to the suggestion of Captain Auras that scouts be sent out through the country in advance to make inquiries for the camp of Gomez.

They were instructed to meet three days later at the little town of La Guina, and there report what news, if any they had, as to the location of the camp of the commander-in-chief. About fifteen of them were sent out on that mission, which reduced the party to seventy-five.

Late in the afternoon of that day, a Cuban came in from the village which he had left the day before, and brought the news that the half dozen paroled Spanish prisoners who had been left behind, had gone to the house of old Narvaez at midnight and murdered him.

"I'm sorry for the girls," remarked Yankee Doodle, when he heard it, "but it served the old rascal right. After soldiering for twenty years, he should have been content to remain at home in peace. I wonder now if that elder daughter of his means to give me any trouble."

"That is hard to say," remarked Captain Auras; "there's no telling what a woman will do when she gets mad, and she seemed to be very mad indeed."

"It is strange," remarked Yankee Doodle, "that the younger sister should be loyal to Cuba when her father was so stanchly loyal to Spain."

"There is only one way to account for it," said Captain Auras, "and that is she must have a sweet-heart in the Cuban army."

"Ay," said Yankee Doodle, "I guess that's the proper solution of the mystery."

Early the next morning the command resumed the march, and, as they were now in a region where there were no Spanish garrisons, they had little or no fear of meeting with any opposition. All through that section the Spanish forces had been called to garrison the principal cities where there were depots of supplies; and since the American fleet had begun op-

erations in front of Santiago, the bulk of the Spanish soldiers had been ordered to that point. Nearly every place they passed the families of the Cubans were planting vegetables to raise supplies for family and army. When they reached the little village of La Guina, Yankee Doodle was surprised at not finding a single scout there with any report to make. Nobody in the village seemed to have any idea as to the location of the camp of the commander-in-chief, other than the general belief that it was somewhere west of there.

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "we'll have to stay here until we can hear from the scouts;" and they pitched a camp on the outskirts of the village and sent out half a dozen more scouts in a westerly direction, with instructions to push on as far west as they could go in two days, making inquiry of every person they met.

While waiting there at La Guina about a score of Cubans joined them on learning that they had supplies and rations. They were sworn in, and for two days Yankee Doodle drilled the entire command six hours a day. They were a tired lot, but at the end of that time, they could go through the maneuvers quite accurately. Yankee Doodle was a splendid drill officer, and had the knack of instilling his enthusiasm into the minds of his followers, thus making valuable soldiers of them.

Among the fellows who had joined him was a stalwart Cuban of the name of Andrea, a man of about thirty years of age. No one in the command seemed to know him, or to take any particular notice of him, but Yankee Doodle happened to notice the second day after he joined them that the fellow was watching every movement he made.

After making that discovery he had a talk with old Diego, during which he told him that this fellow was following him about wherever he went.

"I'm suspicious of him," he added, "and I want you to watch him and see if you can find out what his object is."

"Si, Senor Americano, I will watch him."

On that very night Yankee Doodle was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing a violent struggle and several fierce exclamations in Spanish near his hammock. He sprang up, revolver in hand, as did Captain Auras also, and found that old Diego had wounded Andrea, and had him down on the ground.

"What's the trouble, Diego!" Yankee Doodle asked of the old Cuban.

"He was trying to kill you as you slept, senor."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Si, senor; I was just in time to save you."

A light was struck, and Diego was ordered to let the man up.

As soon as Andrea rose to his feet he sprang at Yankee Doodle's throat with a growl not unlike that of a panther.

Yankee Doodle sprang nimbly out of his way, and old Diego struck him with his machete, almost severing his right arm.

"What in thunder is the matter?" Yankee Doodle exclaimed. But Andrea would make no explanation or even answer any questions put to him. He seemed to think that he had done enough to forfeit his life and was resolved to give no information as to his motives.

Yankee Doodle ordered him searched, and in one of his pockets was found a note in Spanish, signed Maria, in which she asked Andrea to come to her at once. That was all the note contained, but Yankee Doodle was at no loss as to how to interpret it, for he was well satisfied that the elder daughter of old Narvaez had sent him on his trail to execute her threat of vengeance for the death of her father.

The discovery was a shocking one to Yankee Doodle, and for several moments after he read the note, he remained silent, gazing at the wounded Cuban.

"Do you understand that note, senor?" he was asked by the Cuban officer.

"I'm afraid I do, capitan," he answered, "but you will please pardon me if I make no explanation farther than to say that this man was sent by another, no doubt, to take my life."

"Then he must be shot," said the captain.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "but I wish to have nothing to do with it."

"Leave that to me, senor," and the captain turned to one of his subordinate officers, and gave the order to take the man out and shoot him at once.

The man was led away, but they had not gone ten paces before Yankee Doodle wheeled and followed.

"Senor Andrea," said he, to the doomed man, "I would ask you one question; will you answer it?"

"What is it, senor?" the man asked, speaking for the first time.

"It is this: Did she send you after me?"

"I have nothing to say, senor," he replied.

"That is enough," and Yankee Doodle turned on his heel and walked away. Five minutes later he heard on the outskirts of the camp a volley of five rifle shots, which told him that the man had paid the penalty of his attempted crime.

"What a difference there is in women," he mused.

"Those two sisters are of as widely different natures as is possible for two women to be. The elder one evidently has all the vindictiveness of her stern old father, while the other seems to be endowed with all the gentleness of a true woman. I will send this note back to her with a little endorsement on the back of it, in the hands of a trusty messenger."

Early the next morning he took a pencil and wrote on the back of the note signed "Maria," as follows:

"SENORITA MARIA NARVAEZ,—I return your note found on the person of Andrea, to whom it was addressed, with the simple statement that his attempt on my life is thoroughly understood as being instigated by yourself. Were I a Spaniard you would undoubtedly meet the fate that has overtaken him, but as I am an American, I simply salute you and pass on. Your intended victim, YANKEE DOODLE."

After writing the note, Yankee Doodle called upon the Cuban captain and told him he wished to send a note back to one of the daughters of the old Spaniard, Narvaez. The captain selected one of his most trusty men, mounted him upon a fleet horse, and sent him back to the village with the note.

He reached the place late that day, and at once sought the residence of the senorita. Both the sisters were in a state of great grief over the untimely taking off of their venerable father. Nevertheless the messenger insisted on giving her the note in person, and not into the hands of the servant.

She came to the door, and he handed her the note with the remark:

"It is from el senor Americano."

She gave a start and turned pale, but quickly opened the note and read it.

Instantly her eyes flashed fire, and she asked the messenger:

"What has happened to Andrea?"

"He is dead, senorita."

"How did he die?" she asked.

"He was shot for trying to kill el senor Americano."

"You may go," she said to him, shutting the door in his face.

When he returned and reported to Yankee Doodle, the messenger stated that he never saw the other sister, nor did he see any of the paroled soldiers who had been left in the village.

Yankee Doodle rewarded him for his service and dismissed him.

"It's a case of a woman's hate," he mused, "and a vow for vengeance. It will force me to be on my guard more than I otherwise would be, and maybe it is well enough as it is."

The next day after the discovery of Andrea's treachery, a couple of scouts returned with the news that the camp of the commander-in-chief was somewhere about fifty miles to the west of them, as two soldiers had been found who had so stated. They were on a leave of absence and did not expect to find the camp where they had left it.

They waited there another day for other scouts to come in, after which they resumed the march, going westward.

As before stated, they were now in a section where there were no Spanish forces; hence nothing of interest occurred on the march for that day, and when night overtook them they were on the outskirts of a quiet little village in which, the year before, a Spanish detachment had shot a number of citizens for no other crime than of being suspected of sympathy with the insurgents.

Naturally the entire village was, therefore, heartily in favor of the overthrow of Spanish authority. Nearly every family in the place had some member of it in Gomez's army, a few of whom were then at home on a leave of absence. Learning that fact, Yankee Doodle sent messengers through the village summoning them to a conference. When they ap-

peared he explained to them that he was a messenger from the American fleet to the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Cuban Republic.

"Santiago," he said to them, "is to be captured just as soon as a land force can be gathered to co-operate with the fleet; therefore I invite you to fall in with us and proceed at once to rejoin the general and go with him for the reduction of the city."

The statement created a great deal of excitement in the village, and every absentee from Gomez's army immediately began preparations to return and assist Yankee Doodle in finding the camp.

An early start was made the next morning, and the journey continued in a westerly direction. Late in the day they were met by a party of scouts from the camp of the commander-in-chief.

"That's the very camp we're looking for," said Yankee Doodle to the officer in command of the scouts.

"But who are you?" the officer demanded. "We are not permitted to pilot into camp everybody who wishes to go there."

"My name is Freeman," said Yankee Doodle, "and the commander-in-chief and I are very warm friends."

"I never heard the name before," remarked the officer.

"He is Yankee Doodle, capitan," said old Diego, anxious to enlighten the officer.

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the officer, very much astonished. "I know you well, senor, by that name," and he extended his hand to him with a great deal of cordiality.

"I'm really very glad to meet you, capitan," said Yankee Doodle, "for I've been nearly a week wandering about in the wilderness trying to find the commander-in-chief, and if you know where he is at present you will be doing the cause of Cuba a great service, for I'm sent by the admiral of the American fleet to communicate with him as quickly as possible."

"I will lead you to him, senor," said the captain.

"When?" Yankee Doodle asked, looking toward the sun low down in the western sky.

"*Manana*," was the reply.

CHAPTER IV.

YANKEE DOODLE FINDS GOMEZ AND DELIVERS THE ADMIRAL'S LETTER.

DURING the evening Yankee Doodle learned from the captain of Gomez's scouts, that he was then within twenty-five miles of the camp of the old warrior, and that it would take the greater part of a day's march to reach him, on account of the poor roads in that section of the island. But he felt very happy over the fact that his search for the camp was at an end.

He asked the captain of the scouts a great many questions about the strength of the forces under command of the general, all of which the captain parried, deeming it unwise to make any statement whatever on the subject.

Yankee Doodle was keen-witted enough to under-

stand why he was reticent regarding the strength of the insurgent forces, as that was something which the general himself was anxious to keep concealed from friend and foe alike.

Yankee Doodle well knew that at no time were there ever more than one-fifth as many insurgents in the field as they claimed credit for having. On the other hand, Yankee Doodle proceeded to give the captain a clear and truthful statement of the strength of the American fleet then before Santiago, very much to the latter's surprise.

"Will the fleet be able to batter down the forts of Santiago?" the captain asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "the fleets can batter down any mountain on the island that they can reach with their shells."

The captain smiled somewhat incredulously, for he had a very exaggerated opinion of the strength of the Spanish forts, as well as of the Spanish army.

"You have never seen one of the great guns of a war-ship, have you?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"No, senor, I never have."

"Well, let me tell you that the thirteen-inch guns of the American fleet throw shells weighing eleven hundred pounds, requiring more than five hundred pounds of powder for a single discharge, and the men who handle them are so well trained they can land one of the shells pretty near wherever they wish at a distance of from five to seven miles. One of them struck some earthworks to the east of Santiago the other day, tore it all to pieces, dismounted three of their big guns, and blew nearly a score of Spaniards out of existence."

"But hasn't the Spanish fleet the same kind of guns?" the captain asked.

"I believe they have, capitan, but the gunners do not know how to handle them, as so far during this war none of our big ships have been in any way damaged by the guns from any of the Spanish forts, on either the north or south shore of Cuba, or San Juan de Porto Rico."

While he was thus conversing with the captain of the scouts, nearly all the men of both parties gathered around to listen. The majority of them could not read or write, and those who could never saw a newspaper half a dozen times a year. They were utter strangers to the great living, moving, active world outside of their own little narrow sphere. Hence the talk of the young American was of the most intense interest to them.

As they had a hard day's march ahead of them next day, they all retired to their blankets and hammocks at an early hour, in order to get as much sleep as possible.

Just as Yankee Doodle was about to roll into his hammock old Diego went up to him, and whispered:

"Senor, I will rest under your hammock."

"Why so, Diego?"

"I think there is another Andrea here, senor," replied the Cuban.

"Oh, indeed?"

"Si, senor."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is, senor; he has given me the slip, and that is why I would stay here and lie on the ground beneath your hammock."

"Well, if you catch him, Diego, make short work of him."

"Si, senor, I will, but why do they follow you?"

Yankee Doodle then explained to the old Cuban the vow of vengeance made by the eldest daughter of the old Spaniard, Narvaez.

"*Caramba!*" hissed the old patriot, "why should a woman be permitted to pursue a man to his death? *Diablo!* let her die!"

"No, no, senor," said Yankee Doodle, "she is a woman. For that very reason, Diego, I would not have a hand raised against her."

The old Cuban shrugged his shoulders in a way that told plainly he was very far off from entertaining the same sentiments as Yankee Doodle. There was a good deal of the savage in him, for he was one of the many insurgents who took far more delight in cutting down a Spaniard than capturing him.

Yankee Doodle rolled in his hammock, and was soon wrapped in a profound slumber, covered by his blanket on the ground; otherwise he would not have slept as well as he did after learning that there was another fiend on his trail.

How long he had slept he knew not when he was awakened by hearing a fierce hissing Spanish oath close by his side, and the next moment two men engaged in a violent struggle fell against his hammock with such force as to almost throw him out of it.

He sprang up, and in his effort to get out of the hammock fell out backwards; but he was on his feet in a flash, just in time to see the two men spring apart, one of whom made an attempt to dart away and escape the other. He sprang forward and dealt the man a blow on the head with his revolver, knocking him senseless to the ground.

"That is he, senor," said old Diego. "I cut him twice; he is hard to kill."

Other Cubans sprang up and crowded around, attracted by the excitement of the combat.

"Bring a light!" Yankee Doodle sung out, and while a light was being prepared the unknown rose to his feet, and again tried to run away.

"Catch him and hold him!" ordered Yankee Doodle, and he was seized by half a dozen stalwart Cubans after a fierce resistance, although bleeding from two wounds inflicted by Diego.

When the light was brought none of the soldiers knew who the man was, but Diego had been attracted to him by noticing that wherever Yankee Doodle had gone during the evening he was shadowing him.

Unlike Andrea, he protested his innocence, and declared that he intended no harm to any one, that he had been attacked without cause or provocation, and that he had only defended himself.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed old Diego. "You crept up to the Americano's hammock, and would have

stabbed him in his sleep had I not struck you with my blade."

"It is not so, senor," protested the unknown.

"But why were you so close to my hammock?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"I had lost my way, senor."

Old Diego laughed sarcastically, and the man was bound and led away to a part of the camp where he was placed under a strong guard.

"Are you hurt, Diego?" Yankee Doodle asked the old Cuban.

"No, senor, but my feelings will be hurt unless I am permitted to make that fellow confess before he dies."

"Why, is he going to die?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor."

"When?"

"*Manana*, senor."

"Well, so far as I am concerned you may make him confess if you can; but how will you do it?"

"Cut him up into small pieces by degrees, senor."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "I won't permit that; I didn't know you were so much of a savage."

The old fellow shook his head and his eyes snapped, but made no reply, and soon Yankee Doodle was again in his hammock with the old Cuban on the ground below him.

This time it was not so easy for the young American to fall asleep, for he could not shake off a feeling of apprehension that came over him that he was yet destined to fall a victim to the vengeance of an enraged woman.

"And yet," said he to himself, as he laid there in his hammock, "no man on earth has more respect for a woman than I. If I ever harmed one, I never knew it; nor would I ever strike one except to save my life; for the sake of my mother and sister I have revered the sex, even in the person of the most abandoned creature. This is the second time since I landed in Cuba, that the vengeance of Cuban women has pursued me, and I'm blest if I know what to do. That this last attempt has been made at the instigation of Senorita Narvaez, I haven't the shadow of a doubt, and the second time Diego has saved my life. It looks as though some good fortune was taking better care of me than I can of myself."

He lay thus for an hour or two before his eyes finally closed in a fitful slumber, which lasted until he was awakened by the noise of those moving about him at sunrise. Then he arose, and went in search of water to bathe his face and hands, when he heard the report of a volley as though four or five rifles had been fired together.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, turning to one of the subordinate officers, who was standing nearby, "what's that?"

"An execution, senor."

"Who was it? The man taken last night?"

"Si, senor."

He said no more, but mentally marked up two

lives to be charged against Senorita Maria Narvaez. Soon after breakfasting the command was in the saddle again, pushing forward in a westerly direction, led by the Cuban scouts. The day passed without incident, and a little before sunset they reached the line of sentinels around the camp of the old commander-in-chief of the armies of the Cuban Republic.

An hour later Yankee Doodle was escorted to the headquarters of the old general, who received him surrounded by his staff.

"Ah, my young friend," exclaimed the old warrior, as he grasped his hand and shook it warmly, "I'm glad indeed to see you. You are looking well. When I saw you last you were leading a thousand men in the very thickest of the fight at Calvario."

"Ah, general, and that is where I saw you last," replied Yankee Doodle, "and you, too, were in the thickest of the fight. I have never forgotten how grandly you laid about you with your sword," and the two shook hands warmly for two or three minutes. Then Yankee Doodle was introduced to a number of officers whom he had not previously met. Every officer who shook his hand remarked his pleasure in meeting him, telling him that no man's adventures and exploits were more widely talked of in the Cuban army than his.

"Thank you," he replied to them all. "All the Cubans have been kind to me."

"How could they be otherwise," said the chief of staff, "to those who have come to fight their battles for them?"

As soon as he had finished shaking hands with the officers, Yankee Doodle turned to the commander-in-chief, gave the military salute, and presented the letter he had brought from Admiral Sampson, saying as he did so:

"It is from the admiral, general."

The general took the letter and retired promptly to his tent, where he read it all alone. Some ten or fifteen minutes later he reappeared.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing his staff and the other officers present, "every Cuban belonging to this command must at once be recalled for active service."

The effect of his remarks upon the officers was electrical, for they understood that it meant an active campaign from an aggressive standpoint, a thing they had long desired.

Some of them immediately repaired to their regimental and company headquarters, to let the subordinate officers and privates know that every man must come in who was on leave of absence, and take part in an active movement soon to begin.

In less than thirty minutes after Yankee Doodle's arrival, every soldier in the camp seemed to have new life instilled into him.

Early the next morning several hundred soldiers were sent out in small squads in every direction of the compass, with instructions to round up every man connected with the army, and send him in at once.

Before sunset of that day over a thousand men came into camp eager to engage in active service. Hundreds of them had no arms save the terrible machetes. Rations were scarce, and they were all hungry, yet they were willing to fight on empty stomachs, and go without several meals in succession in order to strike a blow for Cuba.

During all that time Yankee Doodle was a central figure in the camp. He had come as the representative of the admiral of the American fleet, and it was seen that the old warrior was treating him with the greatest consideration.

After a couple of days the force in camp had increased nearly two thousand men, and the question of rations was the most perplexing that confronted the commander-in-chief.

Foraging parties were sent out in various directions, but it was a country in which provisions other than vegetables were exceedingly scarce.

Finally Yankee Doodle requested permission of the commander-in-chief to lead a force of three hundred mounted Cubans against a Spanish post about forty miles west of the camp, at a little town called Las Arenas.

"Why, there's an entire regiment there," remarked the commander-in-chief.

"So I've been told, general, but I understand they have quite a depot of supplies there, and I'm in hopes I may be able to get some of those for your army."

"How can you with three hundred men?" the general asked.

"Indeed I don't know, general, that's what I'm going to try to find out after I get there."

The general was silent for a few minutes, as if debating with himself over the advisability of complying with the request. Finally he looked at Yankee Doodle, with the remark:

"You are one of the very few in whom I have implicit confidence. I will grant your request trusting that you will do nothing rash."

"Thank you, general, it shall always be my aim to retain your good opinion. As you know, I've had a good many bouts with the enemy, and have always managed to give them some pretty hard blows without getting hit myself."

"Yes, so you have," assented the general. "When do you wish to start?"

"To-morrow morning, if you please, and I would like to have some of your best men, and with the best mount in the camp. I have no intention of attacking the enemy unless I'm absolutely assured of success."

The general turned to one of his staff, and instructed him to assist Yankee Doodle in getting together such a command as he wanted, and the rest of the day was spent with that officer and the young American in perfecting the plans of the trip.

CHAPTER V.

THE GAME OF BLUFF AT LAS ARENAS.

As before stated, there was a Spanish regiment stationed at Las Arenas, the sole purpose of which

seemed to be to maintain there a depot of supplies as well as keep a check on the insurgents. The camp was surrounded by moderate sized earthworks, but no artillery whatever. There was quite a number of insurgent families living in the town, and it was through them that the insurgent chiefs were kept thoroughly posted about the strength and disposition of the Spanish troops stationed there.

It was on the night before Yankee Doodle made the request of the commander-in-chief that he had a two hours' talk with a young Cuban who was a nephew of old Diego. The nephew lived at Las Arenas, having a sweetheart there whom he often visited. He had just returned from a visit there, when old Diego introduced him to Yankee Doodle. His name was Jose.

It was through him that Yankee Doodle obtained the information that finally filled him with a desire to get within the neighborhood of the town with a considerable force at his back, believing that he would be able by some kind of a hokus-pocus to outwit the Spanish commanders of the fort, and get hold of the supplies that had accumulated there.

The three hundred men assigned to accompany him were well armed, hardy fellows, who had seen a good deal of hard service. They were to be commanded by a Major Rocca, who in turn was to recognize Yankee Doodle as his superior officer until they returned to camp.

The major having heard a good deal of Yankee Doodle, was more than delighted at a chance to get some satisfaction out of the Spaniards for a very sound thrashing he had received at their hands only a month before.

"Well, major," said Yankee Doodle in conversation with that officer, "you are a good deal older than I am, and have seen much more service, but the little military education I have received has impressed upon my mind that the most important thing in a battle is to kill your enemy. Now, I don't know that we are going to have any fight at all, and we certainly will not unless there is a chance of winning; but I don't want a single man to go with us who can't stand up and hit a man one hundred yards away with his rifle."

"They are all good shots," senior, replied the major, "for I know them."

"How many rounds of ammunition can they carry?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Every man's belt is full of cartridges," was the reply.

"Good," said Yankee Doodle, "when we have left the camp a mile or two behind us I want to try every man in the command just one shot at a distance of one hundred yards, at a target the size and shape of a man, and every man who fails to hit it must come back to camp, for I don't want him."

The major seemed a little bit surprised, whereupon Yankee Doodle explained to him that he had seen two or three hundred Cubans fire at as many Spaniards at a range of sixty or eighty yards, without hitting a single man, and he had seen the Spaniards return the fire with the same result.

"Now," said he, "such soldiers are not worth the rations they eat in camp, poor as they are. A soldier should not pull trigger in daylight unless he sees his man, and then should be punished if he misses."

The major laughed, and remarked:

"That is a pretty severe test, senor."

"So it is, major, but an accurate aim is a soldier's best protection against an enemy."

"I quite agree with you in that," assented the major, "but ammunition has been so scarce with us that we could not afford target practice."

"Ah, that is the greatest blunder the soldiers of the republic have committed, for no matter how scarce the supply of ammunition may be, it is economy to use half of it in teaching the soldiers how to kill Spaniards with the other half."

The major was deeply impressed with the philosophy of the young American, and agreed to apply the test the next day soon after leaving camp.

They were off at sunrise next morning, and when they had gone a couple of miles they were halted at a convenient spot, where a large tree was selected as a target, and an old suit of clothes was fastened against the trunk of the tree to represent the size and shape of a man.

That done Yankee Doodle addressed the three hundred Cubans, and told them that the soldier who couldn't hit his enemy a hundred yards away was of no help whatever to his comrades who could.

"I want to find out," he said, "how many of you can hit that suit of clothes against that tree out there. Those of you who cannot must go back to camp."

The Cubans were very much astonished, but at the same time quite eager to show what they could do. A couple of officers were stationed ten paces away from the tree to watch the effect of the shots, and each man was to step forward, take a deliberate aim, and have one shot at it; they were to fire at the rate of about two a minute, so as to lose as little time as possible.

Then the firing began, each man stepping out in his turn—and to Yankee Doodle's and the major's astonishment, not over five per cent. of them missed the target. At the same time they hit the tree, but outside of the suit of clothes.

"That's good shooting, major," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor," assented the major, "it's the best I ever saw, but let me beg of you, senor, not to send those fifteen men back, as they are all eager to go. Each one hit the tree, showing that they were pretty close to the target even though they missed it."

"I'll let them try it over," said Yankee Doodle, and the fifteen men had another round of shot after being warned not to fire too high, and every one of them planted his bullet into the body of the suit of clothes.

"Now men," sang out Yankee Doodle, addressing the soldiers, "you have shown that you can hit a Spaniard; if we should happen to meet them and you

miss the Spaniard, it would be your own fault—the result of carelessness. The way to put a Spaniard out is to kill him, so don't forget what I now repeat to you. Don't fire till you see your man, and don't pull the trigger until you have taken aim. Now mount and we'll be off."

Nearly three hours had been spent in that little bit of instruction, but no three hours had ever been spent more profitably by any soldiers in the insurgent army.

That night they encamped within seven miles of the Spanish post, and scouts were sent out in the direction of the town to see that no news of their approach was carried to the Spaniards.

Jose remained with Yankee Doodle and the major constantly, to answer questions and give information about the vicinity and the topography of the country.

Yankee Doodle finally decided to move around to the west side of the town before the Spaniards could hear of his presence in the vicinity, in order to make the impression upon them that his force was not from the camp of General Gomez.

Jose piloted them along the road that went past the town to a dense woods a little over a mile beyond it; yet, in spite of all he could do, some of the inhabitants of the town saw them, and reported their presence to the commander of the post, who immediately sent out scouts to locate them.

The first body of scouts were about twenty in number, who went cantering along the road in a free and easy manner, as though they were not afraid of all the insurgents on the island. They were permitted to pass the Cubans who were concealed in the woods, but were finally halted beyond there by the major with a party of about one hundred men.

Finding themselves confronted by such an overwhelming number, the scouts retreated, and ran into Yankee Doodle with another one hundred Cubans, who poured out of the woods into the road and leveled their rifles at them.

Yankee Doodle demanded their surrender, and without a word of protest the lieutenant in command gave up his sword.

The Cubans were elated at their success, but every man of them regretted that they had not been permitted to fire.

The prisoners were taken into the woods closely guarded, and Yankee Doodle set the trap again, by sending a party of a dozen in sight of the town to draw some of the garrison out in pursuit.

In about an hour's time the scouts came back with the report that a squadron of horse was coming up the road from the town.

"Now, major," said Yankee Doodle, "they will hardly surrender without a fight, unless you make a great show of force; but if you can capture them without a fight, we may be able to do still better further on."

"All right," said the major; "we'll try it."

The Spaniards came on in good order, and walked into the trap without the least suspicion of danger. When they saw the major and his one hundred men,

they prepared to charge, but ere they did so they were dumfounded at seeing a still larger force behind them within close range.

"Surrender!" called out Yankee Doodle. "You are surrounded by three thousand rifles!" but the Spanish officer, brave to recklessness, ordered his men to charge and cut their way through in the direction of the town.

"Cubans, fire!" ordered Yankee Doodle, in a loud voice, and one hundred and fifty rifles promptly responded; the most frightful execution probably ever known from a single volley of that size, resulted. The Spanish leader himself was among the slain.

Ere the smoke of the volley cleared away Yankee Doodle again called out for them to surrender, and the survivors threw down their arms without firing another shot. Not a man of them escaped.

It was then that Yankee Doodle displayed the energy for which he was already famous, for he sung out in a clear, ringing voice to the Cuban officers to move the prisoners, the dead and the wounded into the woods at once, and the order was executed within ten minutes after it was given.

Then the arms were picked up, and again all those who were not assigned to guard the prisoners were ordered into position to receive any other force of the enemy that might follow.

Major Rocca advanced to Yankee Doodle extending his hand, and said:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, this is the best work that I have seen during this war, for we have disposed of nearly one hundred and fifty of the enemy."

"Thank you, major. It is the only way to contend against a superior force. I take it that the report of the volley was heard by the garrison in the town, and as no other shots were fired they will naturally think that it came from their own party."

"Si, Senor," assented the major. "What then?"

"They will naturally wait," said Yankee Doodle, "for the return of the squadron before sending out any more, and if we did not have so many men detailed to guard the prisoners we might maneuver in such a way as to draw the entire garrison out. As it is, though, the best thing we can do is to remain in position where we are until night; then, if nothing happens, we will shift to the other side of the town, to avoid a night attack."

The major then went back to his men, who lay down on the ground with arms in their hands, ready to spring to their feet at his call.

Several hours passed, and a little past noon scouts came in with the report that another company of Spaniards was coming, apparently to reinforce the squadron. That company numbered about sixty men; and they, too, rode into the trap and fell victims as easily as the first who preceded them, with the exception of one man, who sprang from his horse and darted into the woods.

A diligent search failed to find him.

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "it may be a good thing for us that he got away, as only one man out of

two hundred returning to the garrison will naturally be very demoralizing to his comrades;" and he reasoned rightly. The fellow did get back to the garrison, and his report came near creating a panic. But the commandant of the post was not a man easily frightened, for he instantly prepared to make a desperate defense under the impression that he was confronted by a large force of insurgents.

The day passed, and night came on without any man of the garrison having seen a single insurgent, save the few scouts that had been sent out as a decoy.

As soon as it was dark old Diego and his nephew Jose entered the town to see what they could find out. Not a single Spanish soldier was found there, as every man of the garrison was at his post behind the breastworks.

When old Diego returned, which he did after an hour or two, and made his report, Yankee Doodle was satisfied that the garrison would not under any circumstances come out from behind the breastworks, which was situated on the south side of the town.

"Now, major," said he to the Cuban officer, "we'll see if we can't frighten the garrison into a surrender. We must send parties of ten men each to go into the woods all around the town, and make a circle of camp-fires where their lights can be seen by the garrison and the people. They must keep up the fires all night long, and at daylight return to us here. That will make the impression that the garrison and town is completely surrounded by a large army, and in the morning we'll make a demand for the surrender of the place. That is what we Yankees call a game of bluff."

Within half an hour after that the detachment started out to build the fires, and an hour later the garrison and the people in the town were gazing at the glare of camp-fires in the great circle around them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF LAS ARENAS AND WHAT FOLLOWED— MARIA NARVAEZ AGAIN.

SOON after the camp-fires were started around the town Yankee Doodle ordered two hundred men to mount their horses and ride through the town in an orderly manner, as if going to parts of the camp beyond it, with instructions that as soon as the head of the column had passed through, it was to turn sharply to the right, return to the starting point, and again pass through the town, and keep it up the greater part of the night, in order to make the impression in the minds of the residents that an army of several thousand soldiers was present. It was an old, old trick, but under the cover of darkness not a soul in the town suspected it.

Long before daylight loyal citizens had conveyed the news to the commandant of the post that several thousand soldiers had marched through the town during the night. At different times the men dismounted, marched through on foot, and mounted again on mak-

ing the circuit. It was severe work for the Cubans, as they were given no chance to sleep, but such was their confidence in the skill and pluck of Yankee Doodle that no complaint came from them.

A little after sunrise a young Cuban officer with a flag of truce, marched boldly up to the breastworks with a demand in the name of General Maximo Gomez for the surrender of the garrison, and a penalty of death to every man in it if refused.

Fully convinced that he had the whole Cuban army confronting him, and having already lost nearly one-half of his force, the commandant of the post asked for a conference with the insurgent commander to arrange the terms.

"Ah, major," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "now is the time to put in some of your good work; you are an old soldier, and look every inch a soldier. I am too young to be seen in the negotiations at all, so you must attend to that, pretending to be the chief of staff of the commander-in-chief, and arrange the terms, which must be the surrender of all the arms, ammunition and supplies, and the soldiers to be paroled. Two hundred and fifty men will be enough display of force, in order to prevent suspicion in the mind of the Spanish commander."

The major at once went about the performance of the task, while Yankee Doodle marshalled two hundred and fifty of the Cubans all mounted, in order to make a big display, and led them into the town to take possession of the fort as soon as the enemy had laid down their arms.

In less than three hours the garrison had marched out and laid down their arms, and signed the parole in the office of the hotel of the town. As soon as the Cubans marched into the fort, complete masters of the situation, they gave vent to their joy in wild shouts and cheers for *Cuba Libre!*

Yankee Doodle found it impossible to repress their enthusiasm, so he quickly manned the fort with a few who were cool enough to understand and obey orders.

On investigation it was ascertained that six hundred rifles and twenty thousand rounds of ammunition, together with a large supply of rations, constituted the prize, to say nothing of the tremendous moral effect of the victory.

Rations were at once issued to the Cubans, as well as to the prisoners, and the wounded were brought into the town and tenderly cared for. While the soldiers were signing the parole, Yankee Doodle sent a trusty messenger, on a fleet horse, with a full report of the victory to the commander-in-chief, suggesting to him that he lose no time in sending men who were without arms to take the captured Mauser rifles and use them against the enemy; also asking instructions as to the disposition of the parole prisoners.

The Spanish commander of the post was an accomplished officer with the rank of colonel, and was very much cast down over the misfortune that had overcome him; but the major and Yankee Doodle treated

him with a great deal of respect and consideration, as they did, in fact, all the officers.

A few hours after the surrender, the colonel asked permission to see General Gomez.

"The general has gone to Bayamo," said Major Rocca.

"When did he leave?" the colonel asked.

"About two hours ago," replied the major.

Just then it began to dawn upon the colonel's mind that he had been imposed upon, and frightened into a surrender. Ere the sun went down he was in possession of the whole truth, for those of the citizens of the town whose sympathies were with the insurgents had themselves learned the truth from the Cubans, and were laughing at and taunting the paroled prisoners over the game that had been played upon them.

Other officers of his command verified his suspicions, and that night overcome with shame and mortification he blew out his brains in a room in the hotel, to escape being court-martialed and shot when he returned to the Spanish army as a paroled prisoner.

Yankee Doodle was shocked when he heard of the death of the colonel, and allowed the paroled prisoners to bury him with military honors. The paroled officers, however, made the air sulphurous with Spanish oaths, and denounced the Cubans in the strongest terms. But the insurgent officers laughed at them and told them they ought to be thankful that they had not been killed in battle. The paroled prisoners became so turbulent that night in the town that Yankee Doodle threatened to open fire on them if they did not immediately go into camp and behave themselves.

They did so, and the next day they were furnished with two days' rations, and sent away to Victoria de las Tunas, with their parole, as a protection from other insurgents. There was a Spanish garrison at that place, and a young Spanish lieutenant swore loudly that they would return with arms and avenge the disgrace that had been heaped upon them.

On being told what he had said, Yankee Doodle promptly ordered his arrest, and when he was brought before him, said:

"Lieutenant, I understand that you have publicly proclaimed your intention of violating your parole; is it true?"

The prisoner would not answer.

"Will you answer the question?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"I am a prisoner of war," was all the reply he would make.

"Who heard this man say he would break his parole?" Yankee Doodle asked, looking around at the Cubans.

"I did!" exclaimed a dozen men, among whom were three officers.

Yankee Doodle then questioned the three officers, and had them repeat the exact language of the prisoner, after which he turned to the officer of the

guard, and ordered him to take the lieutenant out into the public square, and, in the presence of all the paroled prisoners, have him apologize and retract his threat. If he failed to do so he was to be instantly shot.

The foolish young man instead of apologizing and retracting, sang out:

"*Viva Espana!* Death to traitors!" whereupon he was led out, and shot to death by a file of soldiers.

"Now," said Major Rocca, addressing the paroled prisoners, "if you take up arms against Cuba before you are exchanged, every man of you will be shot if captured again. Now you may go."

The entire body of prisoners then took the main road for Victoria de las Tunas, and not one of them was seen about the town again.

The remarkable victory created the wildest excitement throughout the eastern end of Cuba, and within forty-eight hours hundreds of Cubans came to the town, eager to enlist under the flag of the republic. They were organized by Major Rocca into companies, and the oath of allegiance to the republic administered to them. Rations were also issued to them, but none of the captured arms were given out until orders came from the commander-in-chief, who sent word to Yankee Doodle that six hundred of his men armed with machetes were then on the way to receive the arms with twenty rounds of ammunition for each man.

They reached the town the next day after the messenger arrived from the commander-in-chief.

Yankee Doodle thus found himself at the head of nine hundred well-armed Cubans, besides those who were not armed. The unarmed ones were sent to the main camp, escorted by a hundred mounted riflemen. They were in a state of extreme disgust, as they were going away from the post where rations were plentiful to a camp where they were very scarce.

A couple of days later an officer belonging to the staff of the commander-in-chief arrived, bearing a letter of congratulation from the old warrior addressed to Yankee Doodle, thanking him in the name of the republic for his splendid exploit, and directing him to hold the place until further orders. Of course the great amount of supplies captured were to be sent to feed the main army, but enough was retained to supply all the wants of his force.

Yankee Doodle was suspicious concerning the movements of the Spanish garrison up at Victoria de las Tunas, and sent out four scouting parties of twenty men each, with instructions to watch every road and path leading to that place.

It was a wise precaution on his part, for on the fifth day an advance of a thousand Spaniards was made.

The scouts fell back before them, while couriers on swift horses carried the news to Yankee Doodle at Las Arenas.

"A thousand men, eh?" said Yankee Doodle, as he got the news; "we have nearly that many ourselves, and I hope they will not hesitate to attack us."

"So do I," said Major Rocca. "You mean to make the fight here, do you not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "for our force is too large to handle in an ambush; otherwise we would meet them half way."

The Spanish force encamped about ten miles from the town that night, and early the next morning advanced to the attack of the post under the impression that only two hundred and fifty or three hundred Cubans were manning it.

Yankee Doodle directed the scouts to skirmish with the Spaniards, at the same time retiring before them, in order to whet their appetites for the fight.

As they approached the town the scouts made a break for the fort and went over the earthworks like so many rabbits. The Spaniards stopped just long enough to form an assaulting column, and then charged upon the earthworks in splendid order, led by brave officers.

Had the Spanish officers dreamed that six hundred of Gomez's old veterans had reinforced Yankee Doodle's little command, they would never have thought of making the attempt; but believing that they outnumbered the insurgents three to one they boldly charged in the full confidence of victory.

When they were within one hundred yards of the works, the insurgents opened fire with their captured Mauser rifles, which their assailants promptly returned, rushing forward at a double quick.

The rolling fire from the fort was so incessant, and of such volume that the Spanish officers were astounded; yet they charged up to within ten paces of the works, by which time fully one-third of their number had gone down.

It was more than flesh and blood could stand. They broke and fled in the wildest panic.

"Up, Cubans, and at 'em!" cried Yankee Doodle, springing from the breastworks and waving his sword above his head, and the entire garrison, with yells and screams for vengeance, went over the works in pursuit of the demoralized Spaniards.

The pursuit became a rout, and for several miles the Spaniards were shot down with a merciless ferocity. Not more than one-third of the force of the attacking column succeeded in escaping. So great was the terror inspired by their defeat that the garrison of Victoria de las Tunas evacuated that city and retreated into the Province of Puerto Principe.

Over five hundred rifles and a considerable amount of ammunition fell into the hands of the insurgents.

"That boy is a marvel!" exclaimed General Gomez on hearing of the victory. "I believe in my soul that if he had ten thousand men he wouldn't hesitate to attack Havana itself. He seems to have a genius for strategy."

Immediately on receiving the news the old veteran broke camp and marched to Las Arenas. When Yankee Doodle met him in the main street of the town he dismounted, grasped his hand, and embraced him amid the wildest cheering of his soldiers.

"You have done well, my young friend!" he exclaimed, "for you have given the enemy a blow in this part of the province from which he cannot recover."

That night the town held a great jollification. Bonfires blazed on every street, and in the town hall a reception was held by the old veteran, where men and women came to shake his hand and rejoice over the victories gained.

Yankee Doodle was the cynosure of all eyes; men and women looked upon him with awe, but he talked and laughed with them in a jolly sort of way that pleased them beyond expression. He was talking to a bevy of women, among whom were several very beautiful *senoritas*, when one of the elderly ladies remarked to him:

"Senor Americano, do you know a *Senorita Maria Narvaez*?"

"Si, senora," he replied, quickly, "I have met her," and he looked at her inquiringly.

"She is here in Las Arenas," said the senora.

"What?" he gasped; "she here?"

"Si, senor."

"Where is she?" he asked.

"She is at the home of her aunt, *Senora Toremada*."

"How long has she been here?"

"She reached here two days before the first battle. She was the affianced of Colonel de Cuna."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, his face expressing both pain and surprise.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THIRD ATTEMPT ON YANKEE DOODLE'S LIFE, AND THE REVELATIONS THAT FOLLOWED.

DE CUNA was the name of the officer who had committed suicide the night after his surrender, and it was a startling revelation to Yankee Doodle when he learned that he was the affianced of *Senorita Maria Narvaez*. It struck him that it was a singular streak of fate, that he should have been the cause not only of the death of the *senorita's* father, but of her lover also. If she sought his life in revenge for the death of her father, what would she not now do to revenge that of her affianced? In his heart he pitied the poor girl, and hoped that he would not be provoked to raise his hand against her in any shape or manner.

All these things flashed through his mind as he stood there in the midst of the bevy of women, all of whom wanted to talk to him at once.

"Senora," he said, to the elderly woman, "I pity *Senorita Narvaez* from the bottom of my heart."

"Si, senor; we all feel sorry for her, for she has suffered doubly, having lost her father and lover within a fortnight."

"And does she blame me, senora, for her afflictions?"

"She blames all the Cubans," was the reply, "but is very, very bitter towards the Americanos."

"Si, senora," he assented, "and very unjustly. Where is her sister, the *Senorita Rita*?"

"She remains in her home, senor, and I hear that she is not loyal to Spain as her sister is. Did you know her, senor?"

"I met them both at the same time, senora. Do you know how her father died?"

"They say he was murdered by Spanish soldiers for having betrayed them to the Cubans."

"Ah, senora, I can say that the old Captain *Narvaez* was the truest to Spain of all men in Cuba. Instead of betraying the Spaniards he led them to the attack of the Cubans, who had been warned of his approach and defeated his efforts."

"Do you know that to be true, senor?"

"I do, senora, and will bear witness to that man's loyalty to Spain under any and all circumstances. He fell a victim of his zeal to serve his mother country, and deserves a monument to his memory rather than the obliquity that has been heaped upon it."

"May I say that much to her, senor?"

"Si, senora, and if she wishes it I will put it in writing."

Just then he was called away by an officer, who wished to present him to some ladies at the other end of the hall, and as he walked away he was followed by a young woman whose face was concealed by a thick veil, which she wore over her head after the manner of Spanish women. He had noticed her standing near the old lady with whom he had been talking, but gave her no thought until some ten minutes later, he noticed her standing near him as he was talking to the ladies to whom he had been presented by the Cuban officer.

That she should have followed him from one end of the hall to the other struck him as rather singular, and he turned and looked directly at her as if trying to pierce the veil that concealed her features. She returned his gaze for a minute or two, and then darted at him, hissing:

"Remember my father, senor!" and at the same time struck him on the breast with a dagger.

He staggered back, caught her wrist as she tried to strike the second time, wrenching the dagger from her hand.

The women screamed, and some of them fainted.

"Ah, *senorita*," he exclaimed, "yours is the spirit of a fiend, not a woman. I'm not destined to fall by your hand, or by the hand of your hired assassins; you may go," and with that he released his grasp on her wrist.

She turned to leave the hall, but was promptly arrested by a Cuban officer who placed her under guard.

Naturally her attempt on the life of the young American created the wildest excitement in the hall, and General Gomez asked him for an explanation, preceding it, however, with the query as to whether or not he was hurt.

"No, general," he replied, "this is what saved my life," and he drew a little note-book from an inner pocket of his coat nearly half an inch thick. The point of the dagger had pierced it half through.

"She aimed well," he said, "for this book lay di-

rectly over my heart. "I beseech you, general," he continued, "to have her well protected, for she is not responsible for her actions."

General Gomez ordered her to be taken to her home, with a strong guard to protect her from the vengeance of the Cubans. When she left the hall Yankee Doodle publicly related the story of the death of her father, entirely exonerating him from the charge of disloyalty to Spain.

"I pretended to thank him," he said, "for leading the Spanish soldiers into our trap, for no other purpose than to punish an old man against whom I could not raise my hand."

When the reception was over Yankee Doodle remained with the commander-in-chief a couple of hours before retiring. They were talking over plans for the concentration of all the insurgents in eastern Cuba preparatory to a consecutive attack on Santiago.

"It has been an utter impossibility, Senor Yankee Doodle," said the old veteran, "to hold the Cuban army in hand in any considerable force, solely on account of a lack of provisions. We have no commissary or quartermasters, nor money with which to buy rations for the men, hence they are permitted to go about in small parties in search of food and are called in only when some imperative necessity demands it. No proclamation that I could issue could bring in so many men as will the news of your capture of this supply of provisions. They will come now quickly, and we must move and do the work demanded by Admiral Sampson before these rations are consumed."

"I have done better than I thought, general," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor," assented the old veteran. "You have solved a problem that has vexed me for three years, and at the same time have armed nearly twelve hundred men with Mauser rifles. Now, if you wish to command this post, I will turn it over to you with the commission of colonel in the army of the Cuban Republic."

"I thank you, general, from the bottom of my heart," said Yankee Doodle, "but as I am already in the service of the American Republic, it is impossible for me to accept your kind offer, yet as long as I'm with you, you can command my services to their fullest extent, as I hold myself in readiness to obey any order coming from you."

The grim old warrior smiled.

"I think you can do more effective work without orders," he remarked, "for certainly I never would have ordered you to attack the garrison at this post."

"I had no idea of doing so myself, general, when I left your camp, and only did so when I saw a chance of success."

The commander-in-chief made his headquarters at that post for a couple of weeks, keeping a strong body of scouts nearly a day's journey distant in every direction, with instructions not only to watch the

enemy, but to send in every Cuban who was out on leave of absence.

A day or two after the attempt of his life by Maria Narvaez, Yankee Doodle, in company with Major Rocca, called at the residence of her relative and asked permission to see her.

She refused, whereupon the major instructed the guard to permit no man, under any circumstances, to enter the premises, but in no way to interfere with the women, all of whom could come and go at leisure with the exception of the senorita herself, who must remain a prisoner in the house until further orders.

A couple of days later a band of armed insurgents who had been scouting for several weeks in the vicinity of Bayamo, came in and reported to the commander-in-chief that his men had no more ammunition. Twenty rounds were issued to them, and while the men were receiving them Major Rocca was talking to their captain, a valiant officer who had won considerable fame as a fighter, and the young captain requested the major to assist him in procuring a leave of absence from the commander-in-chief, as he wished to visit his sweetheart whose father had recently been murdered.

"He was a loyal, old Spaniard," said he, "and had been an officer in the Spanish army."

"What was his name?" the major asked.

"Narvaez," was the reply. "He was a very old man."

The major started, grasped the captain by the arm, and said:

"See here, captain! Senorita Narvaez is here in this town."

"What!" gasped the captain, excitedly. "Which one?"

"The elder, I believe, named Maria."

"Ah! where is the other?"

"Still at her home, I hear," answered the major, who immediately proceeded to enlighten the captain about many things of which he had not heard.

The young officer was deeply agitated, saying:

"Her sister Maria was as savage as the old man in her denunciation of the patriots. She has the temper of a fiend. The old man himself would have shot Senorita Rita with his own hand rather than see her become the wife of a Cuban insurgent. To tell you the truth, major, aside from my sympathy for my beloved, I'm glad the old man is dead. I have been engaged to her for more than a year, but was never permitted to see her in her home. I had heard, in a vague sort of way, that her father has been murdered, and suspected that the Cubans, exasperated by his fierce denunciation, had killed him. I am glad that his taking off cannot be laid to our door. I have heard of Senor Yankee Doodle, and would like to see him, for I want to take him by the hand and thank him for the trick he played on the old man which brought about his taking off."

"Come with me, then," said the major, "and I'll take you to him," and half an hour later the young captain was shaking hands with Yankee Doodle, and

telling him the story of his engagement to the younger daughter of the vindictive old Narvaez.

"I am thinking, Senor Yankee Doodle," said the young captain, "that since she is now alone in the world, I ought to return and marry her."

"You would do right," said Yankee Doodle, "for she is certainly all alone unless she has relatives in the village, as her sister is now a prisoner."

"What are they going to do with her?" the young captain asked.

"Indeed, I know not, capitan; but if it were in my power to set her free, I would do so. Do you wish to see her?"

"No," said the young captain, "for when I saw her last she failed to bless me."

Yankee Doodle laughed, and remarked that that expression gave free range to a very broad inference.

"Si, senor," was the reply, "she wished me a great many things that were very far from being blessings; and besides that warned me if I set foot on the premises, her father would shoot me. Say, senor, can you assist me in getting a leave of absence for a week?"

"I don't know, capitan; I'll try."

"Senor, they tell me that the commander-in-chief would do anything for you; kindly ask him to let me go and marry the sister of the woman who sought your life."

"Come with me, then," said Yankee Doodle, "and I'll do it," and the two young men locked arms and proceeded at once to the headquarters of the old general. There they waited until they found the old warrior at leisure, when Yankee Doodle at once made the request that if it did not in any way interfere with the service it would be a personal favor to him.

"Certainly," said the general, "el capitan is a good soldier, he not only has my permission to go, but he can take my blessing with him."

Quick as a flash the young captain removed his hat, and bowed his head before the old warrior, saying:

"Your excellency, I would rather have your blessing than that of any other man's on earth."

"You have it, capitan," was the reply, and the old general extended his hand to him.

The grateful young officer seized it, and pressed it to his lips, after which he straightened up, saluted like a soldier, turned around and marched out to the headquarters. Yankee Doodle also saluted and followed.

Outside of the headquarters, the young officer grasped Yankee Doodle's hand, shook it warmly, and exclaimed three times:

"Amigo! Amigo! Amigo!"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT BEFELL TWO MEDDLESOME DONS AT A BODEGO.

YANKEE DOODLE accompanied the young captain to his quarters, where he spent an hour talking with him about his journey.

"Captain," he asked, "are you going to make the trip alone?"

"Si, senor, unless you will go with me."

"I wish I could go," said Yankee Doodle.

"Do so, senor; I would feel honored."

Yankee Doodle was silent for a few minutes, and was really anxious to accompany the young soldier and see him married to the young girl who was herself more responsible, in an indirect way, for the death of her father than any one else; for she it was who gave him the warning of the old man's intention to bring the Spanish cavalry down upon him. But for that warning he himself would probably have been slain.

"Captain," said he, "I would like to go; I'll go back and see the general about it, and will return again within half an hour;" and with that he left the young officer and returned to the headquarters of the general.

"General," said he to the old warrior, "I wish to accompany Captain Roberto, and if you have no objections I will do so."

"Senor Americano," said the general, "you are as free as I am to go wherever you wish; and you may take with you whatever force you think you will need."

"It is a peace mission, general," said Yankee Doodle, "and I wish to go in such a way as to arouse no suspicion of a military character. I will simply take one man with me who is familiar with all the country through which we will pass."

"Very well," said the general, "we shall remain here for the purpose of concentration."

Yankee Doodle then shook hands with the general, and rejoined the young officer.

"I will go with you, captain," he said, "and will be ready in thirty minutes."

He then went in quest of his horse, which he had left in charge of old Diego.

"Diego," said he, to the old Cuban, "I'm going back to the village where we first met the Spanish cavalry, whom the old Spaniard Narvaez brought down upon us, and would like to have you go with me."

"I will follow you all over Cuba, senor," said the old man.

"All right; I'm off at once. See that your cart-ridge belt is well filled, and your rifle in good condition."

"I am all ready now, senor."

"Then get rations enough for three for five days, and come to my quarters."

Half an hour later the party of three rode out of the town, well equipped and on good horses.

Captain Roberto, the young Cuban officer was Yankee Doodle's senior by some five years, handsome, jovial and plucky, and was in the highest spirits over the prospects of soon seeing the idol of his heart.

They traveled as fast as the execrable roads would permit, and by night had arrived at a little hamlet containing about a score of huts where they decided to encamp for the night.

The inhabitants of the little village suspected they

were from the insurgent army, and asked them a great many questions. They were told the story of the utter overthrow of the Spanish garrison at Las Arenas.

"Where are you going?" they were asked.

"To the coast near Santiago," replied Captain Roberto.

They slept in a little hut that night with old Diego lying on the floor against the door, so that it could not be opened without awakening him. But they were not disturbed, so they rose early the next morning after a refreshing sleep and were off by sunrise. At times the road was almost impassable, and they could travel only in single file, yet they pushed on, stopping at noon for an hour for lunch and let their horses rest and eat grass.

A little before sunset they reached another little village that nestled at the foot of a very high and rugged range of hills. There were perhaps fifty huts in the village, as well as a score of more pretentious-looking houses.

"Senor," said old Diego to Yankee Doodle, "I know this place; all the people who live in those huts are Cubans, but those who live in the houses in that grove out there," he said, pointing to the left, "are either Spaniards or families who are loyal to Spain."

"Then," said Yankee Doodle, turning to Captain Roberto, "we had better not let any one know who we are or where we are going."

"Si, senor," assented the captain; "we will say nothing."

There were several little stores in the village, at one of which the little party halted and dismounted. The captain applied to the merchant for information as to where they could find a lodging for the night.

"Who are you?" the merchant asked.

"We are three travelers," was the reply.

"But you are armed," said the merchant.

"Very true," assented the captain; "one would be very foolish to travel in Cuba just now without being armed."

"Where are you going?" the merchant asked.

"To Barajagua, which we hope to reach to-morrow."

"Do you go beyond there?"

"Senor," said the captain, "I don't wish to know anything about your business, or to tell you anything about mine. We want lodgings for to-night, for which we are willing to pay. Can you tell us where we can find them?"

"You may find them at the Bodega."

"And where is that, if you please?"

The merchant pointed down the street to a rather unpretentious-looking wine shop kept by an old Spaniard.

The captain thanked the merchant, rejoined Yankee Doodle and Diego, to whom he reported what the merchant had told him.

"It is kept by a Spaniard," said Diego.

"Do you know him?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor, and he loves Spain more than Cuba."

"Does he know you?"

"I think he does, senor."

"Is it safe for us to go there?"

"Safe enough, senor, if we can take care of ourselves."

Yankee Doodle smiled, and the little party of three walked down the street to the Bodega, each one leading his horse. The old Spaniard who kept the place was not in, but his wife, a big, buxom woman of forty, received them with a bland smile that conveyed the impression that she would gladly sell them anything they were able to pay for. She recognized Diego and asked him, when she had the chance to speak to him privately, who the other two were.

"They are travelers, senora, and they are tired and hungry, so if you will feed them well and not trouble them with many questions it will be money in your purse. Where is the senor?"

"He has gone to the field, but will return soon."

Although they had rations with them, Yankee Doodle and the captain decided to take their meals with the hostess, and pay her for what they received.

The young captain called for a bottle of wine and cigars with their meal, an order far more liberal than had been given her for months, but, woman like, she could not resist the temptation to ask questions, and her inability to get satisfactory answers excited her curiosity in the highest degree. But the little party observed a discreet silence, so what questions they did answer conveyed no information whatever.

Her husband finally came in, and assumed the duties of host with a degree of cordiality that showed he was indulging in large expectations.

Night came on soon, and it seemed that pretty nearly every man in the village dropped into the Bodega for a drink of wine or coffee, or to smoke. Each one stared at the new-comers, whispered to his neighbor, and seemed to be a very much puzzled lot. Quite a number of them asked the captain and old Diego for news of the war, but they were as ignorant as any one in the village.

Finally two men entered, whose presence seemed to inspire awe in all the others, for they gave way before them, and waited in silence for them to speak. They had the appearance of planters and men of means. They looked at Yankee Doodle and the young captain, whose dress and bronzed features showed that they had been long exposed to the sun and wind.

Finally one of them asked the young captain:

"Where are you from?"

"I am from Cuba, senor," was the reply. "Where are you from?"

"I am from Spain, but have lived many years in Cuba."

"Spain is a good country," quietly remarked the captain. "Will you have a smoke, senor?" and he extended a cigar.

"Thank you, senor," and the cigar was accepted.

"Which way are you traveling?"

"We are going to the next village to-morrow."

"Are you in the army?"

"Which army?" the young captain asked.

"Either," said the other.

"No," replied the captain, "unless we three might be termed an army," and the smile on the face of the young officer caused the man to straighten himself up, and with a haughty dignity remark:

"You seem to be afraid, senior, to answer a gentleman's question."

"Pardon me, senior," replied the young captain, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, senior," he replied, with a very ceremonious bow.

"Well, then," said the young officer, "would a gentleman seek to penetrate the personal affairs of a stranger?"

"You insult me, sir," angrily exclaimed the other.

"Did you mean to insult me," the officer asked, "by your questions?"

"This is a time of war," returned the other, "and there are many traitors in the land, hence it is right and proper for us to question strangers who come into our midst."

"Have you any authority in this village?" the captain asked him.

"No," was the reply.

"Then, senior, if you ask me another question, I will pull your nose," and the young captain rose to his feet, his eyes flashing with the light of battle.

The two men were staggered, and they glared at the young Cuban as if deliberating with themselves whether or not to attack him.

Yankee Doodle was a quiet listener to all that passed, holding himself in readiness to back up the captain in any trouble that might arise.

"You are a rebel!" hissed the Spaniard.

"You are a liar!" returned the captain.

"*Caramba!*" hissed the companion of the other, springing towards the young captain as if he would grasp him by the throat. Quick as a flash old Diego drew his machete, and hissed out:

"*Diablo!* I will kill you!" whereupon Yankee Doodle sprang up, saying:

"Keep quiet, Diego."

"Si, senior," said the old man, lowering his machete.

The two Spaniards seemed to be somewhat abashed by the demonstration of the old Cuban, and desisted from any hostile movement, but the one whom Diego's weapon had stopped turned to Yankee Doodle with the remark:

"You are an Americano, senior?"

"Si, senior," was the quiet reply.

"An American pig," remarked the other, whereupon Yankee Doodle deliberately slapped him in the face, saying at the same time:

"That is my answer, senior."

"*Diablo!*" hissed the other, staggering backward.

"I will have your life!"

"It is yours, senior, if you can take it yourself," returned Yankee Doodle; "or do you prefer to hire an assassin?"

"*Caramba!*" hissed the other: "You must fight!"

"All right, senior. Diego, make room out there!"

Diego drew his machete, and quickly cleared a space on the floor of the Bodega.

"Now, senior," said Yankee Doodle, "what will you fight with?"

"We will fight at sunrise to-morrow," was the reply.

"Why not fight here?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I choose to fight like a gentleman," was the reply, "and not in a wine shop brawl."

"That is the excuse of a coward, senior, for you came into the wine shop, started the brawl, and even made an attempt to strike my friend. I do not consider you are a gentleman at all, hence I will order my man to kick you out of here," and with that Yankee Doodle turned to old Diego and ordered him to kick the man out.

The old Cuban went at him like a thunderbolt, and the crowd gave way in order that he might have room to hustle.

The old Cuban was tough as leather, with muscles of steel, and in less than thirty seconds the haughty don was fired out in a heap on the ground in front of the Bodega—and the other followed to avoid a similar fate.

It so happened that the crowd was made up of swarthy fellows from the huts, who hated Spain and all the Spaniards; hence not a hand was raised to interfere, nor was anything said by them. But the quiet chuckles and the broad grins attested their sympathy; whereupon Yankee Doodle turned to the host, and ordered a small measure of wine for every man in the room—which not only pleased the landlord, loyal as he was to Spain (yet more loyal to the almighty dollar), but captured the swarthy fellow's heart and soul.

Every one of them raised their glasses and drank to the health of *Senor Americano*, to which Yankee Doodle responded:

"Long life to every one of you."

"Si, senior," they replied, "the same to you and your great country."

Still Yankee Doodle and the young captain would say nothing to betray their identity or even their sympathy.

CHAPTER IX.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE AND WHAT FOLLOWED—THE VENGEFUL SISTER.

ABOUT an hour after the two Spaniards had left the Bodega, Yankee Doodle and the young captain retired to the room assigned them by the host, followed by old Diego.

Again the old Cuban slept on the floor against the door, determined that no one should enter without his knowledge. They all three confidently expected that the Spaniards would raise a party of friends and attack them during the night; but, much to their surprise and gratification, they slept undisturbed.

After an early breakfast, Yankee Doodle settled the landlord's score, then mounted and rode away in an easterly direction. When they were well out of sight of the village, old Diego informed Yankee Doodle and the captain that a friend had come to him with the statement that all the Spaniards who lived in the houses in the grove, nearly a score in number, had left the village a little before daylight.

"Ah!" said Yankee Doodle, "they have gone out somewhere to ambush us."

"Si, senor, and I know well where they are."

"Do you know how we can avoid them?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor; we can go by another way, and strike the road again two miles beyond them."

"Then lead on, Diego. We have no time to stop and fight, unless we are attacked. It may be that when we pass this way again we can pay our respects to those fellows and give them a taste of war."

Old Diego led off by way of a little narrow trail, which led through a great forest for some five or six miles, and after a couple of hours' heavy traveling they emerged into the main road again.

On finding himself so near the end of his journey, the young captain could hardly resist the temptation to urge his horse forward at a rate of speed that would have been dangerous in the heat of the day. Yankee Doodle reminded him that they could reach the village in the middle of the afternoon by keeping up a moderate steady gait, and advised him to possess his soul in patience.

They finally reached the village, and the young lover hastened to the home of his affianced, whom he found alone in the big house, with only one servant and an old duenna.

The meeting was a joyous one, as it was so entirely unexpected to the young girl. The young captain lost no time in explaining his mission, telling her where her sister then was at the town of Las Arenas.

"Yes," she said, "she is engaged to the commandant of the post there, and they are soon to be married."

"The commandant is dead," said the young captain, "and General Gomez is now there with his army."

The girl was astonished, for she had not even heard of the two battles that had recently been fought. It did not take him long to persuade her to go with him to the priest, accompanied by Yankee Doodle as best man.

"I don't believe the father will marry us," she said to the captain, "for he is loyal to Spain."

"If he refuses," said the lover, "I will cut his head off."

"He is a good man," she replied; "you must not harm him."

"If he is really a good man," he returned, "he will not refuse to make us happy."

In a little while they reached the church, where, as she expected, the priest flatly refused to officiate,

whereupon old Diego, who had been coached by Yankee Doodle drew his machete with the remark:

"It is to be a marriage or a funeral, father, which shall it be?"

The old priest was very far removed from a fool, and in a very few minutes the young couple was pronounced man and wife, after which Yankee Doodle tendered a liberal fee, with the remark that ministers of God should attend strictly to their calling, and leave the business of war to others.

"That is true, my son," said the old man, "but a man of God should never encourage the friends of the devil."

"Very true, father," laughed Yankee Doodle; "the devil has broke loose in Cuba, and we are trying very hard to drive him out, and you have done much to-day towards that end, for which I thank you in the name of those whom you have just made happy."

The old fellow smiled, and pocketed his fee without further comment, after which the party returned to the home of the bride, where preparations were made for a journey to the town of Las Arenas.

The news of the marriage flew through the village, and within an hour after the knot was tied, all the young friends of the bride called upon her, and tendered congratulations. Many of them knew the young officer, and through him they learned of the two battles at Las Arenas, and of the whereabouts of the sister of the bride.

The young couple remained until the next day, and during the evening there was music and dancing, where, but a few short weeks before, there was grief and mourning.

Early the next morning the party started on their journey towards the camp of the Cuban army, the young bride vowing to follow the fortunes of her husband in the field.

When the little party was within a couple of hours' ride of the village where the trouble between them and the Spaniards had occurred, they were met by a company of Cuban soldiers mounted and well armed, who were scouting in search of stragglers from the main army. They knew Yankee Doodle and Captain Roberto, and of course gave them a rousing reception.

"Which way did you come?" Yankee Doodle asked of the officer in command.

"From north of here," was the reply.

"Which way are you going then?"

"We are going to keep this road westward."

"Then we travel together, and I think that in the village which we can reach by sunset you may be able to find some recruits. At any rate we can have a good place to camp and probably extract a little fun from some Spaniards who live there."

On learning that young Captain Roberto had just taken him a wife, the officers of the company turned the whole command into an escort of honor, and the beautiful young bride was treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration.

When the village was reached consternation seized upon the Spaniards, who were under the impression

that they had returned for the sole purpose of punishing them for their conduct a few evenings before. They remained in their houses in trembling suspense. But the landlord of the Bodega, seeing a bridal couple with such a large armed escort, naturally supposed that the young husband was an officer of great prominence. He illuminated his inn, sent for musicians and prepared a feast for the party.

In the meantime old Diego learned from friends in the village that the Spaniards had organized a party of armed men the day before, who remained concealed in the woods nearly all day, with the intention of murdering the party of three as they rode by.

When he was satisfied with the truth of the story Diego reported it to Yankee Doodle, who, after a consultation with the other officers, decided to send a squad of soldiers to arrest the Spaniards and bring them to the Bodega.

It was soon done, and within an hour seventeen of them had been rounded up and brought in under a strong guard.

Yankee Doodle went out to see them, and found them about as well frightened as any lot of prisoners he ever saw. In the presence of the officers he inquired of each prisoner:

"Why did you go out yesterday morning and lie in wait for us?"

"I didn't go," replied each man.

"What a set of liars you Spaniards are," he remarked, when each one had put in his denial. "We know exactly where you were, and what you were there for; so we went around another way to avoid being shot down by you. Now I'm going to give each one of you your choice of death; you can be shot, hanged, or macheted—take your choice, gentlemen."

A sicklier lot of men was never seen.

"Why should we die at all, senor?" one of them asked.

"Why, you've all got to die some time, haven't you?"

"Si, senor, in God's time," was the quick reply; "but this isn't God's time, senor, it's your time. I prefer to die of old age," said the fellow.

"That won't do," laughed Yankee Doodle; "you set yesterday morning for my time, and now to-night is yours; if you don't make choice I'll make it for you."

They all loudly protested their innocence, whereat Yankee Doodle laughed, shook his head, and suggested that it was a bad time for them to be making false statements—and he pointed to one and put the query to him what manner of death he preferred.

"I will make no choice, senor," was the reply.

"All right, there will be no difficulty about disposing of you," and Yankee Doodle seemed to be in a humorous vein, and at the same time in savage earnest.

Finally he went inside the Bodega, and a few minutes later returned with the statement that he had changed his mind, and that they would not suffer

death if they took the oath of allegiance to the Cuban Republic.

"It is that or death," he added.

To his surprise and great amusement, everyone of them promptly decided to take the oath, which was administered to them by the captain of the company, who took the name of each, with his height, weight, color of eyes and hair. After he had done so, they were made to cheer for *Cuba Libre*, whereat the Cubans around roared with laughter.

"Now you can go home," said Yankee Doodle and the seventeen turned and walked away, followed by the hoots and taunts of the Cubans.

The landlord of the Bodega reaped quite a harvest that night, and before the party left the next morning he had fully made up his mind that it would pay him better to shout for the republic than for Spain.

When they were ready to start the next morning the captain of the company furnished them with an escort of twenty men, deciding to remain behind with the rest to seek recruits for the army.

Nothing of interest transpired on the journey, and on the following day the little party entered Las Arenas, where the officers of the army gave the young couple a cordial reception.

The young bride retired at once to the home of her relative, where her sister Maria was detained practically a prisoner. As the young bride rushed into her sister's arms, she saw that she was very much changed, for she was emaciated and looked haggard.

"Oh, sister," she cried; "I hear that he is dead!"

"He is dead," was the quiet reply, "and there is nothing in the world for me to live for but vengeance. But why have you come here?"

"I came with my husband," she replied.

"What! Husband!" gasped Maria. "Are you married?"

"I have married Capitan Roberto."

"I shall never speak to you again," said Maria, turning from her and leaving the room.

The young senora was very much grieved, and made repeated efforts to reconcile her sister, but without avail. Of course, her husband could not permit her to remain in the house under such circumstances, for he greatly feared that her intense hatred of all insurgents would extend to his wife. He took her to the home of a family where she would not only be safe, but comfortable as well.

In the meantime, Yankee Doodle reported again for duty to the commander-in-chief.

"I do not know to what duty to assign you, senor," said the old warrior.

"Let me drill your men, then, general," he suggested, "and teach them how to shoot."

"I should be pleased to have you do so, senor."

Yankee Doodle saluted and retired, and was soon engaged in putting one of the regiments through a series of military movements, to which they had been heretofore entire strangers. He explained to them the protection that lay in good marksmanship. In speaking to one of the regiments, he declared that

one thousand men who never missed a man in battle, was a match for any ten thousand men in the Spanish army; that one man surrounded by ten, if he aimed well and shot to kill, would soon kill off his assailants, unless they were themselves good shots.

After spending a few days in that manner, Yankee Doodle sent a messenger to the coast with a note that was to be sent on board the fleet to the admiral, after which he suggested to the commander-in-chief that it was time for an army of Cubans to march on Santiago, to co-operate with the fleet and any soldiers that might be landed.

"I will send three-quarters of my force at once," said the old warrior, "under General Garcia, who is now at Bayamo with one thousand men."

"Then lose no time, general, for with the fall of Santiago one of the strongest links of the Spanish chain in Cuba will be broken."

"I will send two thousand men to-morrow," said the general; "do you wish to go with them?"

"I think I had better do so, general."

"Very well; they will march at sunrise."

Yankee Doodle at once began preparations to leave the place and march with the column. He called on young Captain Roberto, whose command was to remain behind, to bid him and his wife good-by. The young bride seized his hand, saying:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, I owe my happiness to you. But for you I would not now be the happy wife I am."

"I'm glad, senora," he returned, "that you are happy, and deeply regret that your sister is not equally so."

"Oh, senor, I think that her mind is completely upset, as she seems to have but one thought and one desire; and that is to make you the victim of her vengeance."

"And yet I have never harmed her," he remarked.

"No, senor, you have not; and while I live I will pray for your safety and happiness."

CHAPTER X.

THE DRUMBEAT IN THE HEART OF CUBA—IN SIGHT OF SANTIAGO.

EARLY the next morning two thousand Cubans led by General Rabi left the camp of the commander-in-chief, and marched southward in the direction of Bayamo. It was a tolerably good road, as Cuban roads go, and that night they encamped on the banks of the river Salado.

The soldiers were buoyant and hopeful because they were marching to co-operate with the American fleet, which had already bottled up Cervera in the harbor of Santiago.

The next morning they crossed the river, pushed on in the direction of Bayamo, and that night encamped on the banks of the Rio Canto, whilst couriers were sent on in advance to notify General Garcia of their approach.

In the afternoon of the next day they came in sight of the city, which had a population of some twelve or

fifteen thousand. They were welcomed by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. As they marched through the streets of the city to the place assigned them to camp, they were welcomed by the waving of flags from the housetops and windows. Such a wild scene of joy had never been witnessed in the old town before.

Yankee Doodle at once sought an interview with General Garcia, and presented to him a letter from the commander-in-chief, after which he explained to the general the mission upon which the admiral had sent him. The general grasped his hand and expressed his gratification at meeting him.

"I am ready to send forward three thousand men to-morrow," he said. "Have the American transports yet arrived?"

"I don't know, general; I've had no news from the fleet in three weeks."

"Indeed, and where have you been during all that time?"

"Right in the heart of Cuba, general," he replied, "fighting one day, scouting another, drilling the soldiers, teaching them marksmanship, and dodging the daggers of an assassin hired by a vengeful woman."

"You seem to have been quite busy," the general laughed.

"I have, and yet have had time to assist a young officer of the army in getting a beautiful wife."

"Haven't been making love to any of the girls yourself?" the general queried.

"No, but I've had a pretty tough fight in resisting the temptation to do so, for I've seen some very beautiful girls in Cuba."

"We have some of the most beautiful women in the world," asserted the general.

"I cannot dispute your assertion, general, but I can say that I have met one who for fiendishness equals any tiger in the jungle."

"We have no tigers in Cuba, senor."

"There is no need of them," laughed Yankee Doodle, "since a single woman can out-tiger them all in vengeful ferocity," and then he related his three narrow escapes from the vengeance of Maria Narvaez.

"Ah!" said the general, "I knew Captain Narcissa Narvaez well, and there was no man in Cuba more loyal to Spain than he."

"I believe you, general, and he fell a victim to an inordinate desire to strike a blow for Spain in his old age."

"And yet," added the general, "he died at the hands of the Spanish soldiers, who believed he had betrayed them."

"So he did," assented Yankee Doodle, "as the result of my joke on him. It was one of the strange fatalities of the war."

After spending an hour with the general, Yankee Doodle withdrew and spent another hour roaming about through the old town. It stood on the right bank of the river Bayamo, and contained many fine buildings and splendid residences. If there were any people there who remained loyal to Spain they had

discretion enough to remain quiet and keep the fact concealed, for the exigencies of the war had forced the Spanish garrison to leave and march to Santiago City under General Pando to assist in its defense. In his stroll about the city he met many very beautiful women, who looked at him with wondering interest, for it was plain at first glance that he was not a Cuban.

Wherever he went, faithful old Diego was close behind him like a grim watch-dog on guard. At one place he entered a store where he made some purchases for both himself and the old Cuban. The respectful attendance of the old man caused many people to suspect that the youth was no ordinary individual, and when he was afterwards seen riding by the side of General Garcia, they were more than confirmed in their opinion.

Time was precious, and the next morning Yankee Doodle marched out of the city with three thousand men on their way to assist in the investment of Santiago de Cuba. There was a march of fully one hundred miles before them, and Yankee Doodle knew well it would take a week to make it.

The first day they made eighteen miles; yet it was a fair road over which they traveled. Not a single wagon of any kind accompanied the force, and what baggage was not carried on the backs of horses and mules was carried by the soldiers themselves. Not once did they have to fire a shot at an enemy, because all the Spanish forces had gone in the same direction they themselves were going.

On the third day they encamped on the banks of a little stream where there was a village of several hundred inhabitants, and during the evening Yankee Doodle heard the sounds of a snare-drum in the direction of a row of houses back from the river.

"Diego," he said to his faithful old shadow, "try to find that drum for me."

"Si, senor," said the old fellow, starting off in the dark.

Half an hour later he returned to say that the drum was owned by the family of an insurgent, who had picked it up in the woods after a party of Spanish volunteers had been defeated, and had given it to his little boy at home. It was the boy whom he heard beating it.

Yankee Doodle asked two or three of the officers to go along with him to see the drum, and they went, wondering why he should be so much interested in such a thing as a snare drum.

The mother and children of the household were very much surprised at the visit.

"Senora," said Yankee Doodle, addressing the mother, "I heard your son pounding on that drum, and called to ask your permission to show him how to beat it."

She sent her son into another room for the drum, and he soon returned with it. It was really a very fine one, and Yankee Doodle took it, stepped out-doors in front of the house in the clear starlight, and began beating "Hail Columbia" so accurately that

every note of that grand air was recognized by those who listened.

Then followed other airs, one after another, until not only nearly all the inhabitants of the village, but fully one thousand of the insurgent army, had gathered in the streets to listen.

As he ceased beating each tune, the soldiers made the welkin ring with their cheers. The two officers, who accompanied him to the house, were joined by more than a score of others—among them were three generals. They had never heard such drum-beating before in their lives, and they listened with as much interest as lovers of music have been known to listen to the finest opera.

He wound up with the stirring air of Yankee Doodle, which brought forth from the multitude cheers which actually drowned the roar of the drum.

"You are certainly master of the drum," exclaimed one of the generals when he ceased.

"I am very fond of martial music, general," he replied, "and marched at the head of a thousand men down Broadway in New York as my regiment was on its way for the invasion of Cuba. I am very sorry," he continued, "that my fifer who was with me then is not here to-night. If the senora," and he kindly looked at the mother, "will sell this drum, I'll buy it."

"What is it worth, senor?" the mother asked.

"I will give you ten pesos for it, senora."

"*Sancti Marie!*" exclaimed the mother; "you may have it, senor."

He promptly paid her the money in Spanish gold, after which he told the officers to fall in behind him. They did so, and he started off beating a martial air that awoke all the echoes of the old town. Not only the officers followed, but the soldiers fell in line, after whom came a mob of men, women and children.

Cries of *Cuba Libre* and *Viva Americano*, came from the crowd in great vocal volleys. Never was the old village so aroused in its martial spirit before. The soldiers themselves yelled until they were hoarse, and had a fifer been found, the enthusiasm would have been increased ten fold.

"I am sorry," said General Rabi, after he had put aside the drum, "that we haven't a drum for every company in our army."

"It would do much, general, to keep up the enthusiasm of the soldiers."

"How is it that you are so completely the master of the drum?" the general asked.

"I was the drummer-boy of a New York regiment, general," he replied.

"Ah, yes; I remember now that I once heard that."

It was midnight ere the crowd that had followed the drum dispersed and returned to their homes, after which Yankee Doodle retired to sleep, knowing that there was a day's march ahead of him on the morrow. He made up his mind to march out of the place at the head of the three thousand men, beating the step for the patriots.

The army was ready to march a little after sunrise, and Yankee Doodle led them with the drum.

On the fifth day of the march, when a breeze was blowing in from the sea, the boom of great guns was faintly heard by many of the officers and soldiers. Yankee Doodle stopped his horse and listened. He instantly recognized the voice of the thirteen-inch guns of the fleet. He rode up to the side of the general and told him they were within sound of the guns of the American fleet. The news was communicated to the soldiers, and as each boom was heard they cheered like lunatics. It seemed to make them forget that they were tired; they stepped forward more quickly and buoyantly, seeming to fear they would not be in time to take part in the fight.

But the sounds died out after an hour, and were heard no more that day. They marched on a few miles farther and encamped for the night, but were all awakened next morning about daylight by the booming of the great guns again, which rolled over the hills and mountains like peals of thunder.

Never were soldiers so electrified. They could scarcely wait in patience for the order to march, so eager were they to participate in the battle.

That day they came in sight of the city of Santiago, and had the general but given the order they would have charged the fortifications of the city with the courage of true heroes.

"General," said Yankee Doodle to the officer in command, "your arrival should be reported to the admiral at once."

"How can it be done?" the general asked.

"I will go on board the flag-ship and report in person," was the reply. "But we should march around to the east of the city where we may possibly find American soldiers already landed."

It was a long way around to the coast on that side, so the Cubans pitched their camp a few miles north of the city, and put out a strong line of sentinels for protection.

During the night firing of small arms was heard on the picket lines and the tired soldiers sleeping on the ground knew that they had reached the theater of war.

The next morning the march was resumed in the direction of Guantanamo. Scouts brought in the report that men had landed from the American fleet, and fighting had been going on continuously for several days. Yankee Doodle kept with General Rabi at the head of the army eager to take part in the first fight that took place. They met scouts continually, and from them it was learned that a sort of guerrilla warfare was then going on all along the range of hills near the coast between Guantanamo and Santiago.

After hearing the reports of a number of the scouts, Yankee Doodle asked permission of the general to lead a party of three hundred riflemen to cut his way through to the coast and signal the fleet.

His request was very promptly granted, and soon he was creeping forward in advance of the army with

three hundred Cubans at his back, all eager for a brush with the enemy.

Late in the afternoon he heard desultory firing in his front, and knew that the Spaniards and American marines were engaged. He stopped his command to give them instructions.

"Men," he called out to them, "in the next hour we may be in a hot fight with the Spaniards, and before we fire a shot, I want every man of you to hold up your right hand and promise me as you love Cuba and hate Spain to obey all orders promptly."

Every hand went up, and they roared out at him:

"We promise, senior!"

"All right, comrades!" he returned. "Now listen to what I have to tell you: Don't fire until you are ordered to do so. Don't charge without orders, and when you are ordered to cease firing, stop at once. Don't pull the trigger until you see your man, then take good aim at him. Now come on, and while keeping your eye on the enemy, keep your ears open for orders."

They went down a hill and ascended another opposite. Just before they reached the crest they saw hundreds of Spanish soldiers scampering over it in their direction to escape the fire of the enemy behind them. They were within fifty yards of Yankee Doodle and his Cubans, but the brush and bowlders concealed a great many of them from view, so Yankee Doodle called out to his men:

"Push forward now, and shoot every Spaniard you find in your front!" and he started forward himself with a revolver in each hand.

Within a couple of minutes the Cubans burst on the Spaniards, pouring into them a withering fire. Utterly dumfounded at finding an enemy in their rear, the Spaniards broke and fled along the crest of the hill under a fire from right and left. In a few minutes they were out of range, with probably two score dead and wounded lying where they had fallen.

The Cubans were on the point of rushing over the crest of the hill, whereupon Yankee Doodle called a halt, fearing they would be met by a fire from the Americans on the other side.

CHAPTER XI.

YANKEE DOODLE REPORTS TO THE ADMIRAL THAT HE HAD EXECUTED HIS MISSION.

THE order had not been given a minute too soon, for on the south side of the hill a party of American marines, on seeing the Spaniards retreat so hurriedly, was rushing towards the crest eager to keep up the fight. Yankee Doodle heard them coming, and knew that a volley would be poured into his men the moment they were seen.

"Lie down, men!" he sung out to them, and the Cubans threw themselves flat on the ground, after which he took his handkerchief from his pocket and ran up to the top of the hill waving it above his head.

"Hello!" he heard a voice exclaim down on the other side; "they are going to surrender, boys!"

He stood there for a minute or two waving his hand-

kerchief, following it up with an old-fashioned American cheer.

"Who are you?" came from the bushes in front of him.

"I'm Yankee Doodle," he replied, whereupon a great cheer went up from the throats of several hundred marines, while several officers ran up to shake hands with him, one of whom asked:

"How did you get here?"

"I came with a party of Cubans," he replied, "and they are lying in the bushes back there to avoid being fired into through mistake by your men."

"Ah," said one of the officers, "did they fire into the Spaniards?"

"Yes, and they laid out a lot of them, too."

"Good!" said the officer. "I heard the volley, and wondered what it meant. Call them up, and let the men shake hands with them."

The Cubans were called up, and they dashed out of the bushes with a yell of:

"Viva Americano!"

The marines advanced to meet them with their hands extended, and a great jollification took place there on the crest of the hill, where lay more than a score of dead and wounded Spaniards.

While they were thus shaking hands a shower of Mauser bullets fell among them from a hillside on the right, several hundred yards away.

"We must dislodge those fellows," said the American officer in command of the marines.

"Let the Cubans go ahead, colonel," suggested Yankee Doodle, "for they are masters of this bush-whacking business."

"All right," said the colonel, "start them in."

Yankee Doodle turned to the officer in command of the Cubans, and told him what was wanted, adding at the same time:

"The Americans will follow close behind you."

The Cubans started in with a rush, disappearing in the bushes so quickly that the marines were utterly astounded.

"Colonel," sang out Yankee Doodle to the American officer, "you've got to go fast if you keep up with those fellows. Tell your men not to make the mistake of firing into them for Spaniards."

The colonel turned to his men, quickly gave the order to advance, and they dashed away as fast as they could through the bushes and the ugly cacti.

Far in advance of them the Cubans were peppering away at the Spaniards.

"Men!" sung out the colonel to his marines, "watch those Cubans how they do it, and be careful not to expose yourselves recklessly."

The marines dashed forward, and were soon mixed up with the Cubans, who were blazing away at the Spaniards in the bushes in front. Bullets were whistling all around them, yet it was only now and then that a Spaniard could be sighted, as they kept well concealed among the bushes and palms that almost completely covered the hillside, but here and there

were a few bald spots where the moment a Spaniard showed himself he was shot down by the marines.

The Cubans fired recklessly, while the marines, who had been trained at target practice, seldom fired without aim. The Spaniards used smokeless powder, while the Cubans and marines were constantly enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

The American officers kept pushing the line forward, while the Spaniards kept falling back. Yankee Doodle kept alongside the colonel in the fight, using a rifle that had been handed him and occasionally making suggestions which that officer, who, notwithstanding the fact that he had been many years in the service, saw that the daring youth was an invaluable aid to him in such an emergency.

Suddenly Yankee Doodle turned to him, and pointing to a very thick clump of bushes some fifty yards away on the left, remarked:

"Colonel, there is a score or more of Spaniards out there who are doing us a good deal of mischief; let me have fifty marines and I will dislodge them in a very few minutes."

Quick as a flash the colonel turned to a lieutenant and ordered him to take his command and follow Yankee Doodle. The lieutenant looked at Yankee Doodle and said:

"Lead on, we'll follow," whereupon Yankee Doodle said to him:

"I want to get around behind yonder clump of bushes; it is full of Spaniards and we can make short work of them. Come ahead," and he dashed away through the bushes on a parallel with the American line, followed by the lieutenant and about sixty marines.

They soon passed out of the range of the Spanish fire, from whom they were concealed by the bushes, and circled around to the right to a point where they were almost in their rear.

"Now, lieutenant," said Yankee Doodle, "let us make a dash for them and we'll capture all we don't kill."

At the word of command from the young officer the marines dashed forward, Yankee Doodle in advance, the lieutenant just behind him.

The Spaniards were taken utterly by surprise, for the marines were upon them before they even saw them. The conflict was short, sharp and furious, and when about a dozen Spaniards were laid out the survivors, about twenty in number, threw down their arms and surrendered.

A cheer from the marines told the colonel back on the front of the line that the movement was a success. He instantly advanced the whole line, and the Spaniards were swept from the ridge.

The enemy retreated so quickly that in a couple of minutes not one could be seen, nor did any more shots come from their direction. The marines cheered loudly, as they gathered around the batch of prisoners who happened to be the only ones captured in the fight.

The colonel seized Yankee Doodle's hand, shook it warmly, and thanked him for his assistance.

"It was a neat trick," he remarked.

"Yes, colonel," he replied, "the Spaniards are tricky fellows, and we sometimes have to fight them with their own weapons."

"I see," the colonel returned, "that the Cubans didn't take any prisoners."

"No," laughed Yankee Doodle, "they don't want any prisoners; they prefer killing a Spaniard to capturing him," and from the way the Cubans glared at the prisoners the colonel was convinced of the truth of the statement.

After establishing a picket line, the American officer ordered the command to retire back to the camp, taking with them their dead and wounded. Only three of the marines had been killed, and some six or eight injured.

"Colonel," said Yankee Doodle, as they were returning to the camp which was established near the shore of the bay, "those Cubans out there who came with me are very hungry. Can you give them any rations?"

"Yes," was the reply; "all they can eat."

"Then I will tell them to hold their picket line here for an hour or two longer, when they will be relieved and rations furnished them."

"All right," replied the colonel, and Yankee Doodle, in a clear ringing tone sung out to the Cubans:

"Cubans, hold the line here for an hour or two longer, after which you will be relieved and rations sent to you."

The swarthy fellows replied from the bushes with a cheer.

On the way back to the camp, Yankee Doodle explained to the colonel that for three years the Cubans had been engaged in a bushwhacking warfare, and were, therefore, the best bushwhackers in the world.

"So it will be worth the lives of many Americans if you can keep them on picket duty," said he. "They are up to all the tricks of the Spaniards, utterly insensible to fear, and can dash through the bushes like rabbits. The only trouble with them is they are miserably poor marksmen. I have known a man to shoot away twenty rounds of ammunition without injuring the enemy."

"The Spaniards don't do any better," laughed the colonel.

"No," assented Yankee Doodle, "and the reason of that is that in a bushwhacking fight neither side hardly gets a glimpse of the other."

When they reached the camp the colonel immediately ordered rations sent back to the Cubans on the picket line, after which he and Yankee Doodle sat down with a number of other officers to satisfy their own hunger. It was while they were thus engaged that Yankee Doodle gave the welcome news that he had brought three thousand Cubans with him from Bayamo.

"Where are they?" the colonel asked, very much pleased.

"They are just back of Santiago," was the reply, "under the command of General Rabi, and have completely cut off all supplies from the city."

"Good! good!" exclaimed the officers. "We'll soon have that garrison and Cervera's sailors prisoners of war."

"I hope so," said Yankee Doodle; "but we've got to do some pretty tough fighting before we get them."

"That's what we are here for, my boy," remarked the colonel, "and our men are just boiling for a chance to get at them."

"Colonel, I've been away for three weeks," said Yankee Doodle. "What has the fleet been doing in that time?"

"Why, my boy," was the reply, "the forts on both sides of the entrance to the harbor are in ruins. They haven't a dozen guns that they can train on the fleet, and the narrow channel of the harbor has been completely corked up by sinking across it a huge collier," and the officer then told the story of the valiant exploit of Hobson and his men.

Yankee Doodle was so electrified by the graphic description of Hobson's daring act, that he sprang to his feet and cheered at the top of his voice. His enthusiasm was contagious, for every officer present sprang up and cheered with him.

"Colonel," he exclaimed, "there are thousands of Hobsons in the American army and navy."

"You are right, my boy, and they will show up whenever a chance is offered them. They are now prisoners in the Morro, and for that reason the admiral has ordered the gunners of the fleet not to fire upon it."

"That's just like the Spaniards," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "to use a brave enemy as a shield. While they are courageous and talk loudly about honor, they wouldn't hesitate to take an infant and hold it to their breast as a shield while firing upon you. At times," he continued, "I have been wrought up to such a pitch of indignation against them, that I have wanted to raise the black flag and take no prisoners."

"Yes," assented the colonel; "I have felt that way myself, but the civilization of the age will not permit it."

"No; and that's the pity of it."

An hour or so later, Yankee Doodle told the colonel that he was the bearer of a letter from General Gomez to Admiral Sampson, and that it was therefore necessary for him to report to that officer at once.

"All right," returned the colonel, "there's the Marblehead out there in the bay; you can go on board of her immediately if you wish, and the captain will see that you reach the admiral as quickly as possible."

As there was a continual communication between the shore and the cruiser Marblehead, Yankee Doodle entered one of the boats, and was rowed out to the vessel. The captain received him with the utmost cordiality, and was overjoyed when he heard that three thousand Cubans had come to co-operate with the marines on shore. He immediately steamed down

the mouth of the Guantanamo Bay, where he signaled to the New Orleans, another cruiser some six or eight miles away, that he had Yankee Doodle on board. The New Orleans signaled to a snip that lay several miles westward in the direction of Santiago harbor, and thus the news was conveyed to the flag-ship. The admiral at once signaled back instructions for him to be sent on board the flag-ship; whereupon the captain of the Marblehead sent him up the coast in a launch, and two hours later he reached the flag-ship.

The admiral was the first to grasp his hand as he stepped on the deck, giving him a glad welcome.

In less than half an hour Yankee Doodle had detailed to the admiral the execution of his mission, beginning with the statement that he had brought three thousand Cubans who were encamped around the city of Santiago, while Gomez himself was concentrating the forces of the province to push forward to cooperate with the army as soon as it could land.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart!" exclaimed the admiral, when the report was finished. "I know of no one who could have done that work better; you have not only done what you were sent to do, but it seems that you have fought and won two battles."

"Yes, admiral," he returned, "the old general had confidence enough in me to turn me loose with a small command."

"Ay, my boy, I've as much confidence in you myself. If it were in my power to do so, I would send you on shore out there with ten thousand men."

"Well, as you can't do that, admiral," said he, "let me go back on shore and help those fellows out there."

"Of course, of course," assented the admiral, "but have no man I can place under your command, for the regulations, as you know, make it impossible for me to do so."

"I know that well enough, admiral; I'd rather fight with the Cubans, anyhow, for it is nothing but pushwhacking business out there, which the Cubans understand to perfection."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

THE remainder of the day on the flag-ship was spent by Yankee Doodle in conversation with the officers, and viewing the ruins of the fortifications on shore through a spy-glass, and during the evening he entertained the officers of the ship at the mess table with a recital of his adventures in the heart of Cuba. His story of the death of the old Spaniard, Narvaez, and of the implacable spirit of his beautiful daughter Maria, was particularly interesting to them. His descriptive powers were fine, and at times the story was graphic in its rendition. When they heard him relate how he had deceived the commandant of the post at Las Arenas, and brought about a surrender of the garrison with its very large supply of rations

and ammunition, even the admiral himself was astonished.

"It is the finest bit of strategy I ever heard of," exclaimed the captain of the flag-ship, "and I'm not surprised at the suicide of the Spanish commander."

"It was well played," remarked the admiral, "and deserves a place in the history of this war. It is a pity you were not in a position to take the commission of colonel tendered you by Gomez."

"I wanted to accept it," said Yankee Doodle, "for somehow or other those Cubans have so much confidence in me that they blindly obey any order I give."

"Ay, that is one of the secrets of success," remarked the admiral, "for when soldiers blindly obey the orders of their officers, they are almost invincible."

"And besides that," said Yankee Doodle, "the Cubans know how to fight the Spaniards, and can stand hunger longer than any men I ever knew or heard of. If they can't get what they want, they are satisfied with what they can get. If I had command of a thousand of them, with ammunition enough to give them a week's practice at target shooting, I could go through Cuba from one end to the other."

"I've no doubt of it," said the admiral, "and in the end they would make you president of the republic."

"I wouldn't have it," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Pray, why not?"

"Because the president of the republic, after the Spaniards are driven out, will have more trouble on his hands than King Solomon had with his thousand wives."

"How so?" he was asked.

"Because of conflicting interests."

"What do you know about those conflicting interests?" the captain of the flag-ship asked.

"Not very much," he replied, "but I'm satisfied that those who haven't done much to free Cuba will want to run the government after the republic is established, and those who have done the hard fighting will forbid it and fight again to prevent it if necessary."

All the officers seemed very much astonished at the remark, and the admiral asked:

"Are you really convinced of that fact, my boy?"

"Ay, sir," he replied, "when you see the men who are fighting under Gomez, you'll see a motley crowd of blacks and mulattoes, nine-tenths of whom have always lived by the sweat of their brow and they are the backbone of the revolution. The wealthy class, while they have suffered much at the hands of Spain in being robbed by tax officers, apprehend that they will fare worse at the hands of the republic unless people of their class control it. They would far rather see Cuba annexed to the United States than have it ruled by those who have won her freedom."

"It will be a great problem to solve," remarked the admiral, "but with that we have nothing to do. Our mission is to drive Spain out of Cuba."

"And we'll do that, sir," said Yankee Doodle.

"Of course," assented the admiral.

At a late hour that night Yankee Doodle retired to his quarters and got the first refreshing sleep he had had in three weeks. When he arose the next morning the postmaster of the flag-ship placed in his hand a package of letters that had come for him in his absence. Several were from his mother and sister, while over a score of others were from acquaintances in New York City, who were eager to correspond with him since he had become famous.

He spent a couple of hours reading them, and a still longer time in answering a number. He took particular pains to write to his mother and sister the full story of his adventures in the heart of Cuba, and assuring them that he didn't believe that the entire Spanish army could hit him.

Said he in his letter to his mother: "It is said of me here that I bear a charmed life; I don't know whether it is true or not, but hope that it is. I do know, though, that a score of Spaniards have fired at me at short range without hitting me, until I have become quite indifferent to their marksmanship. At the same time I assure you, mother, that I never recklessly expose myself; for that is a thing extremely foolish for any man to do. The Cubans have become great friends of mine, and there is hardly anything they would not do for me. They are brave to recklessness, and would follow me right up to the cannon's mouth."

When he had finished his correspondence, Yankee Doodle left the flag-ship, and went ashore with a party of marines, where they had raised the Stars and Stripes on the shore of Guantanamo Bay. There he joined the colonel with whom he had co-operated in the fight of the day previous, to whom he said:

"Colonel, I have come ashore to see if I can be of any service to you, and I'm ready to serve wherever assigned."

"Glad to have you," said the colonel, shaking his hand. "The Cubans up on the hill there have been asking for you, saying that you are the only man whom they have never heard of being defeated. They are very hard to control, and I think that if you will go up there and take counsel with their officers their co-operation with us will be more effective. They understand this bushwhacking business much better than the marines do."

"Of course they do," said Yankee Doodle; "they are born bushwhackers."

After an hour or two with the colonel and his officers, Yankee Doodle went up on the hill where the Cubans were holding the picket lines, and the marines down in the camp heard the cheering of his reception.

At that time the enemy was nowhere about, and it was suspected they were concentrating for a man-slaughter on the marines; so he advised the Cuban officer in command to send out scouts in sufficient force to make sure that no movement could be made by the Spaniards without being discovered.

He noticed that the crest of a hill some four hundred yards away from the Cuban picket line was a favorite position with the enemy on account of the thick growth of cacti and palm. He called the attention of the Cuban officer to it, and suggested that the Cubans go over there, and with their machetes cut away all the bushes, cacti and palms, and thus force the Spaniards into view if they attempted to cross it.

"Si, senor," said the officer, "that is just the thing," and inside of thirty minutes three hundred Cubans were over there slashing away at the bushes with their machetes. By direction of Yankee Doodle a space was cleared for more than one hundred feet in width, and several hundred yards in length below the brow of the hill facing the Cuban line. Then the brush was carried down to that point and piled up breast high like immense breastworks, for the length of several hundred yards.

"That's a splendid trap," he remarked, when he saw it, "for the Spaniards will naturally conceal themselves behind that line of brush to fire upon us. They will thus be in a straight line, and by firing at the center of that breastwork of brush, our bullets will go right through and hit them. It will be a good joke on them, and when they attempt to retreat back over the hill, they will be exposed to our fire."

That night he explained to the colonel what he had done, and that officer laughed heartily, saying that it was the first time in his experience that he ever knew soldiers to build breastworks for the enemy.

"Breastworks be blowed," said Yankee Doodle, "it's a death trap; and if you want to take part in the fun, have your men on hand out there when the enemy appears."

Late in the afternoon of the next day the Spaniards appeared to renew the attack, and as soon as they were seen on the crest of the hill where the bushes had been cut away, the Cubans and marines opened fire on them.

They were seen to drop here and there quite fast, and afterwards rush down for the protection of the long line of brush breastworks.

"Lord!" said Yankee Doodle, "see how they rush into the trap!"

In a little while there were several hundred Spaniards firing at the marines and Cubans from the entire line of brush.

In the meantime, the colonel in command of the marines was instructing his officers to have the men ready to pour a continuous series of volleys right into the center of the brush. In due time the order was given, and volley after volley was delivered with such telling effect that the Spaniards went scattering back over the hill, as if in a panic. Quite a number of them fell, shot in the back as they retreated in full view of the marines.

Once over the hill they were out of sight and safe.

"Now, colonel," said Yankee Doodle, "I'll wager day's rations that there isn't less than fifty dead or wounded Spaniards behind that line of brush."

"I'll take the bet," said the colonel, "and throw in a bottle of wine if I lose."

The order for advance was given, and the marines and Cubans dashed forward. The latter, being adepts at running through the brush, were the first to reach the point of destination. A great shout burst from them when they saw all along the line dead and wounded Spaniards.

When the colonel of marines saw it he turned to Yankee Doodle and grasped his hand, saying:

"You have won! It was a splendid trap, but I don't think it would work a second time."

"Ah," laughed Yankee Doodle, "you don't know the Spaniards, colonel. General Gomez had them down fine when he said: 'They are brave but foolish.'"

"Surely," said the colonel, "they would not go into a trap like that again!"

"A Spaniard loses his head when he becomes excited."

It was found that the Spaniards had suffered severely, while the casualties on our side were very few, and such was the effect of the thrashing of the Spaniards that not another shot was fired during the day; yet the vigilance of the marines and Cubans was in no wise relaxed.

The Cubans agreed to hold the picket lines as long as they were sustained with provisions and ammunition, which the colonel of the American force promised they should have in the greatest abundance.

Yankee Doodle then returned to the camp with the officers, and soon after word was sent down to him from the picket line that a courier from General Rabi was there inquiring for him.

"Go back, and tell them to send him down," said Yankee Doodle; and an hour later the courier arrived with a letter from General Rabi, addressed to Senor Yankee Doodle, notifying him, that General Garcia had arrived with two thousand more Cubans, and was ready to co-operate in an attack upon the city of Santiago.

"I address this to you, senor Yankee Doodle," said the general in the letter, "knowing that you know

best how to communicate its contents to the admiral of the fleet."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the colonel when he heard it, "the decisive moment has come."

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "I must hurry at once with this to the flag-ship;" and in a few minutes after its receipt he was being rowed out to the cruiser Marblehead.

The captain lost no time in steaming out to sea for the purpose of communicating with the admiral.

As soon as the Marblehead was outside of the entrance to the bay communication was established with the flag-ship by means of signals, and the information given the admiral that Garcia was now in front of the Spanish lines of Santiago with five thousand men, and awaits the orders of the admiral.

The admiral signaled back, telling him to "wait where he is, and send Yankee Doodle on board."

Yankee Doodle immediately entered a launch and steamed for the flag-ship. As soon as he reached the deck of that vessel he presented the admiral the communication from General Rabi.

"Ah," said the admiral, "every avenue of escape for the Spaniards is blocked. The American army of invasion is coming; a few days more and Santiago will be ours—and you, my boy, will be entitled to as much credit in bringing it about as any one in the service."

"I am glad to hear you say that, admiral, and hope the general will give me a show when the final assault is made."

"I will ask him to do so," said the admiral, "and in the meantime you had better remain on board until the transports arrive."

Thus ended Yankee Doodle's famous expedition into the heart of Cuba, the result of which was the arrival of five thousand brave Cubans to assist at the final blow at the Spanish stronghold of Santiago de Cuba, and we leave him on board the admiral's flag-ship while waiting for the arrival of the American army of invasion, when he will again march under the Stars and Stripes to strike a blow for the honor of the old flag.

[THE END.]

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